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ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

IF in quiet times it is a pleasure to be startled, Englishmen may be grateful to the Ministry for giving them that pleasure in a full and handsome manner. That strange things might suddenly happen while the East of Europe is disturbed was obvious, and no one can doubt that, if any Minister would like to do something surprising, new, and unexpected, it would be Mr. DISRAELI. But that we should be suddenly told that the English Government has made itself responsible for four millions sterling, in order to purchase a preponderating interest in the Suez Canal Company, surpasses all that could have been imagined. Even the political importance of the step will scarcely impress the public so much as the thought of the extreme delight with which Mr. DISRAELI must have done what he has done. It is in his own style of gorgeousness. In a moment he interferes in the East, he commits his country to a new adventure, he bandies about his millions like halfpence. He gives an order on the Golden Lions of the Throne of JUDAH, and bids a VICEROY draw at sight on SIDONIA for four millions. To have lived to make a Duke, which was the dream of VIVIAN GREY, is nothing compared with having lived to realize the magnificent visions of CONINGSEY. It is impossible not to enjoy the personal pleasure of the PRIME MINISTER, unless we can pronounce the step taken to be a wrong one. It would have been impossible to prove to a reluctant Prime Minister that he ought to accept the VICEROY'S offer. It is very difficult to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE would have accepted it, and, if he had rejected it, he would easily have convinced Parliament that he had been right. But, on the other hand, now that the step has been taken, it will be equally difficult to show that it was not right to take it. A great opportunity was offered. The VICEROY was in need of ready money, and was obliged to sell his shares to somebody. He selected England as the customer to whom he would give the first choice, because he wished politically to lean on England, and because England is the only possible purchaser that carries about four millions in its pocket. If it is wise to get the command of the Suez Canal into English hands, here was a golden opportunity. If there was a hazard in seizing this opportunity, so also was there a hazard in letting it slip. Every one here is agreed that England must have the command of the Suez Canal, or at least must not allow any other Power to have it. Supposing we had refused the offer, and Russia or Germany had in their turn accepted it, Englishmen might have felt angry, not only with the Power that obtruded itself into our special domain, but with the English Ministry that had wanted the courage to become the purchaser. The fair way to regard Mr. DISRAELI'S proceeding is to consider, not merely how we like what he has done, but also how we should have liked his not doing it. In a matter where the arguments on each side were no doubt cogent, the nation will feel that it at least has a Ministry which was capable of acting quickly, boldly, and decisively. The thing has been done, and cannot be undone. There can be no question that Parliament will ratify the action of the Ministry, and all that remains to do is to anticipate and face the consequences of the step taken.

It is not a little thing that has been done, and no one can say how far it may lead us. The position of the English Government as shareholder in a French Company is itself a curious one. The English Government will be bound by the statutes of the Company it has joined, subjected

to the rules that regulate voting, obliged to act through directors, and through alien officials who cannot be suddenly replaced. It will not even possess a majority of the shares, and so long as it does not possess a majority it will always be open to the ingenious efforts of speculators who will try to make it buy their interests by giving trouble. It has, however, given the VICEROY much more than the market value of his shares, and it may later on take the precaution of buying up, at a tolerably cheap rate, enough shares to give it the absolute control of the Company. Even then it will be merely the largest shareholder, bound to account, if it takes the management of the enterprise, to other shareholders, reporting to them, standing their criticisms, giving them information, subject to having its conduct voted on at Paris. This is a very odd position for the English Government to occupy, and possibly the only way out of the difficulty will be to buy up the whole concern; although those who have had any experience of what the process of buying up the shares of innumerable holders is really like, especially when it is known that the intending purchaser is very eager to buy and has boundless wealth, will not think lightly of the cost of the proceeding. The nominal value of the shares is eight millions, and there is a debt of five millions more. It would be absurd to pay the bondholders more than the English rate of interest if the bonds could be bought up; and it may therefore be said that, in order to get the Canal completely into our hands, we should have to find at least thirteen millions, and probably more. But this is not all. Hitherto much allowance has been made for the difficulties of a Company which ran a great risk and had sustained enormous losses. The Canal has been made, but not finished, and it has been kept up in a very imperfect manner. What had been done, and was being done, seemed a good deal for the private persons who believed in M. LESSERS to accomplish, but it will seem far below the standard of the English Government. Travellers are content to be jolted over ruts on the roads of a poor district, but a rich country is expected to offer solid well-metalled highways. To the cost of the purchase must, it is to be feared, be added the cost of putting and maintaining the Canal in a state not discreditable to England. Nor is it possible to avoid an apprehension that a great and constant pressure may be put on the Government to diminish its receipts, although the outlay has been augmented. It is satisfactory to know that nine-tenths of the ships using the Canal are English. This evidence of our commercial superiority is flattering to our pride. But, like most good things, this, too, has its bad side. Shipowners will have a Government to appeal to which will not perhaps be deaf to the entreaties of persons with good political interest. These persons will urge that British commerce would be greatly aided if the charges on the transit through the Canal were reduced. Little people will say that the high charges work exclusively for the benefit of big people. Cotton-spinners will suggest that, in order to compete with Indian producers, they must have a turn given them, and that the right turn to give them will be to let them go through the Canal at a low figure. To the argument that the nation has laid out its money on the Canal and must have a return for its investment, the answer will be given that the outlay was really made for political purposes, and that the nation gets interest on its money in the shape of an assured route to India. To get the command of the Suez Canal for four millions sterling, even if the investment brought in no return, might be wise; but it may turn out

that the four millions will be only a beginning, and that many more millions will have to be invested at a pecuniary loss. It is to be feared that the days of comfortable Budgets for Chancellors of the Exchequer have gone by. This does not prove that the purchase of the VICEROY's shares should not have been made. It may have been wise to pay a long price for the command of the maritime highway to India. But it is of no use to close our eyes and to call a large financial operation a small one.

Politically, too, we must be prepared for this purchase turning out to have important consequences. Nominally, we are only shareholders in a French-Egyptian Company; but we may have to look after our property, and we are the only shareholders who can look after it. We shall certainly not pay the VICEROY's debts if he makes default. It ought to be clearly understood from the outset, that if the bondholders cannot get their money from the VICEROY, they will not get a shilling from England. But, if the VICEROY makes default, a cry will be raised that he is a swindling Mahometan, who ought to be dispossessed by an enlightened Christian Power. Should he not be able to pay his way, there may be internal disturbances in Egypt, and we should have at least to see security established along the line of the Canal. Then, again, even the admirers of the VICEROY and of Egypt allow that very much depends on his continuing to live, and he may die any day; and then, without his having made default in his lifetime, troubles might ensue, and we should have to interfere, not at first or not at all to take possession of the country, but to make the Canal safe. For this purpose the English navy would have to be freely employed; but the port at the end of the Canal would not do for the English navy, and we might find ourselves obliged to occupy, temporarily, Alexandria. All this will be as evident to foreigners as to Englishmen. They will see and say that England has now chosen to put herself in a position which may any day force her, or entitle her, to send troops and ships to Egypt. England has bought the vassalage of Egypt, and the great Continental Powers will ask how the purchase affects them. There can be no doubt that in the old days of French glory and pre-eminence France would have strongly remonstrated against the purchase, as virtually deciding the long debated question whether Egypt was to be a tributary of England or of France. As things are now, France may be rather glad to see the purchase made. She may be pleased to contemplate England in the embarrassing position of a shareholder in a French Company, and may rejoice in thinking that England is committed to a sort of opposition to the allied EMPERORS whose alliance is calculated expressly to keep France in fetters. We shall soon hear what these EMPERORS think of the purchase. Perhaps they may not much regret it. They could not in any case control Egypt, as between them and Egypt lies a sea on which the English navy can act freely. They only lose what they could not have got, but they may hold that this loss entitles them to claim what they would like to have. In dividing the spoils of Turkey they will know that they will have to reckon with each other; but they will expect not to have to reckon with England. They will say that England has got what she wants, and now they must have what they want. The field of plunder may seem open to them, and the Eastern question to have entered on a new phase. Even, however, if this be so, it does not follow that the English Ministry has been wrong. It may have seen too clearly that the end of Turkey is not distant to be willing to hesitate; and it may have thought that to let it be known at the outset what it wanted, to get it, and to get it in an apparently legal way, and without asking any one's leave, was the simplest, cheapest, and honestest course. But here, again, it must be said that to take such a course was not a light matter, and that what has been done has made the immediate future an anxious time for statesmen as well as for financiers.

MR. FORSTER AT BRADFORD.

MR. FORSTER has probably forgiven the capricious intolerance of his constituents, as they appear to have condoned his independence. At the general election the majority of the Liberals of Bradford endeavoured to exclude Mr. FORSTER from the House of Commons because his Education Bill had not been constructed for the purpose of giving the Dissenters a sectarian triumph at the expense of the Established Church. Like other political issues, the question of denominational education has lost with the

lapse of time the exclusive and factitious importance which was at one time attached to it by fanatical Secularists and Nonconformists. Even Bradford Liberals have probably remembered that there are other political and party objects to be accomplished; and they must be difficult to satisfy if they are not now convinced that Mr. FORSTER is thoroughly identified with their hopes and aspirations. Even in the matter of education Mr. FORSTER avows his substantial agreement with his former assailants in the wish to see voluntary schools superseded by the machinery of School Boards. It would, as he apologetically and forcibly contends, have been both unjust and difficult to withdraw public aid in the first instance from the only institutions which afforded any practical proof of zeal for the cause of education. The great majority of the schools which he found in existence had been established by the exertions and the self-denying liberality of the clergy of the Church of England, and the Government had, with the authority of Parliament, encouraged their efforts by offering aid on definite conditions. It would have been an act of wanton oppression to discontinue the subsidies voted by Parliament, and it would have been foolish and wasteful to sacrifice to theory and clamour the only existing provision for education. Mr. FORSTER now protests against any increase of assistance to voluntary schools; and his demand of universal compulsion seems to imply a desire for their speedy absorption. He also proposes to maintain the present prohibition of the use of catechisms, or, in other words, of dogmatic teaching. It is not known whether the adherents of the Birmingham League have relieved Mr. FORSTER from the sentence of political excommunication; and it is not improbable that, as in other cases of confidence, an imperceptible deviation from the standards of secularist orthodoxy may be more sternly condemned than open rebellion. The Bradford electors will probably have been conciliated by Mr. FORSTER's explanations.

A comparison of Mr. FORSTER's speech at Bradford with Lord HARTINGTON's speech at Bristol throws much light on the character of the two chief sections of the Liberal party. Mr. FORSTER in a manly and generous spirit acknowledged the merits of his successful competitor in conducting the Opposition in the House of Commons. He could scarcely be expected to examine the reasons by which at the beginning of the last Session the choice was determined. Lord HARTINGTON in truth represents the Whigs or moderate Liberals, who are scarcely distinguishable from Liberal Conservatives, while Mr. FORSTER is an able and active leader of the genuine party of movement. While the collapse of the late Government was yet fresh in the recollection of the minority, the impatient and unwilling followers of Mr. GLADSTONE could not but attribute their defeat to the restlessness of their late leader and of some of his principal colleagues. The only hope of retrieving the fortunes of the party seemed to depend on a suspension of agitation; and an interval of repose was desired on its own account by all moderate Liberals. Mr. FORSTER, though he is both able and popular, belonged to the more advanced section of the party, while Lord HARTINGTON could be trusted to wait for opportunities. The Whigs perhaps might not have been strong enough to secure the preference of their candidate if it had not happened that the Secularists and Dissenters had a quarrel of their own with the author of the Education Bill. Mr. FORSTER's claims were postponed because he was too Liberal for the moderate party, and not factious enough to please some extreme politicians. The ultra-Liberals perhaps now regret that they declined to exert themselves in favour of a leader who shares nearly all their opinions. Lord HARTINGTON declared at Bristol that the country was satisfied with existing institutions, and that it had no desire for change. Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, proposes a long series of constitutional changes, including an extensive readjustment of the electoral system. It was natural that he should at the same time contend that the Liberal party may dispense, not only with discipline, but with agreement in political opinion. A loyal follower of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. FORSTER differs far more widely from his chief than the bulk of the Whigs differ from the bulk of the Tories. When the Liberal party returns to power, the country is among other benefits to be blessed with two or three successive Reform Bills, all contrived for the promotion of pure democracy. It is intelligible that Lord HARTINGTON, who discourages offensive warfare, should depreciate the Parliamentary strength of forces which he is in no hurry to lead to

victory. The Home Rule members have, according to Lord HARTINGTON, more affinity with the Conservatives than with the Liberals, and it is at least impossible to reckon on their assistance against the present Government. Mr. FORSTER more cheerfully expects to rally Mr. BUTT and his followers to the Liberal cause, although he declines to show his gratitude by adopting the doctrines of Home Rule. With still better reason he speculates on the possibility of a new reaction which may at the next election reverse the decision of 1874. As the author of the Ballot Bill, Mr. FORSTER will be entitled to profit by the great facilities which are now afforded to popular caprice. The tenure of power by the Conservative party may not improbably be determined at the close of the present Parliament.

Mr. FORSTER has consistently supported every scheme which has been proposed for the extension of the suffrage; and he is the most conspicuous advocate of household suffrage in counties. Previous Reform Bills, and the introduction of the Ballot, have transferred the county representation from the gentry to the farmers, except that the present constituencies both agree in political opinion with the landowners and habitually defer to their wishes. Household suffrage would practically disfranchise both owners and occupiers in favour of a class which has hitherto taken no part in politics. The GORSTs of the future will have no reason to complain that county members are preferred for office to the representatives of Chatham and other boroughs. Mr. FORSTER expresses his concurrence in the general belief that the universal adoption of household suffrage will be followed by a redistribution of seats, producing absolute democratic uniformity. This consequence also he is prepared to welcome, although his American experience has suggested faint doubts of the advantages of government by absolute majorities. The predominance in the United States of professional managers, wholly devoid of political principle, is, according to Mr. FORSTER, an American institution which it is not desirable to introduce into England. When all owners of property, and the educated classes in general, are, by the operation of Mr. FORSTER's Reform Bills, driven, as in the United States, from political life, there is no reason why the same causes which have produced American election managers should not be followed by similar results in England. A multitudinous and homogeneous constituency can only be directed by agents who make the conduct of elections a professional business; nor indeed is it certain that the discreditable political class in the United States is not a security against the greater evils of popular impulse directed by demagogues. On the whole, calm and cold-blooded corruption is less noxious than anarchy and revolution. The election manager has neither opinions nor prejudices, and, as long as he can secure the success of his candidates by organized trickery, he discountsenances agitation as a disturbing force. Having prospectively deprived minorities and various political sections of the protection which they now partially enjoy, Mr. FORSTER, like some other democratic projectors, has been converted to a belief that new and artificial protection must be substituted for a more natural and more effective system of defence. He therefore proposes to adopt some of the many contrivances which have been devised to impede the uniform action of supreme majorities. Varying magnitudes of electoral districts and diversities of franchise really tend to secure a faithful representation of the community. Members for minorities will only be tolerated as long as other minorities are strong enough to protect them. Mr. FORSTER's Reform Bill would be inevitably followed by a final measure for the establishment of universal suffrage; nor will the numerical majority, once in possession of despotic power, consent, except perhaps as a temporary experiment, to disarm itself. Those who wish to convert the English commonwealth into a simple democracy cannot select a more competent leader than Mr. FORSTER. Liberals who prefer English to American institutions are safer under the guidance of Lord HARTINGTON.

FRANCE.

WHILE the Assembly has been making its weary way through a forest of amendments on the electoral law, M. DE CASSAGNAC has been amusing, if not edifying, his fellow-countrymen by an unexpected appearance at

Belleville. More surprise has been expressed at the Imperialist champion's courage in making a raid upon the Radical quarters of Paris than the circumstances quite call for. Timidity has never been one of M. DE CASSAGNAC's failings; on the contrary, CHARLES LAMB, had they been contemporaries, might have pointed to him as an example in disproof of the popular fallacy that a bully is always a coward. Even a man of less bravery might have commanded sufficient resolution for the particular purpose which M. DE CASSAGNAC had in hand. Admission to the room could only be gained by the holders of cards of invitation; and it may be supposed that these had not been distributed without a due regard to M. DE CASSAGNAC's safety. Nor was there any inducement to the class which inhabits Belleville to bring themselves into needless contact with the police merely to gratify their hatred of a Government which has been dead five years. Indeed the fact that M. DE CASSAGNAC is no lover of the existing order of things may conceivably have stood him in some stead with the survivors of the Commune. M. DE CASSAGNAC's speech was both effective and ingenious. His adversaries had given him abundance of points to take hold of, and he seized them with a good deal of skill. He grouped the events of the Second of December and the Fourth of September under the common head of political errors, and then drew a distinction between the EMPEROR who had asked the people on the morrow to pardon his fault, and the Republic which had given the people no opportunity of pronouncing on its acts. That "laws and decrees are written on sand," "for the people can wipe them out with its broad foot," is a convenient doctrine for the Bonapartists when they are in opposition, while they usually take care when they are in power that the broad foot in question shall have no opportunity of getting to the ground. The comparison between the seven or eight hundred people who were killed at the time of the *coup d'état* and the twenty-five thousand whom "THIERS and his followers" killed in overthrowing the Commune was quite in place at Belleville, and the Imperialist cause is sufficiently identified with order of a certain kind to make it safer for M. DE CASSAGNAC than for most other public men to admit that among the Communists now in exile there may be many more sinned against than sinning. The positive claims of the Empire on the French people were summed up by M. DE CASSAGNAC in the lightening of popular burdens. There is to be no octroi, and taxes are to be so levied as to press less hardly upon the poor. He did not conceal that to secure these advantages they would have to slip their necks into a collar, but there were probably many among his hearers who agreed with him that liberty is but a small matter compared with good living and sound sleep. If there were any workmen with somewhat higher aspirations than these amongst those who had come to listen to him, M. DE CASSAGNAC was ready for them. The theory that the Empire "is the people crowned" has a certain affinity with extreme democratic notions.

There have been rumours all through the week of dissensions in the French Cabinet, and the honour of serving under M. BUFFET can scarcely be supposed to bring unalloyed pleasure to men like M. DUBAURE and M. LÉON SAY. We can understand that on the question of the *scrutins* both these Ministers had really persuaded themselves that the interest of the Republic demanded from them whatever sacrifices were needed to keep the Ministry together. The secession of the representatives of the Left Centre might have determined the majority in favour of the *scrutin de liste*, and so brought about M. BUFFET's retirement with all the prospective evils which have been associated with it. But the questions raised by the Press Bill are not of this critical character. It is very unlikely that M. BUFFET would have insisted on its introduction at the price of a split in the Cabinet. There is too much truth, therefore, in the remark of M. ERNEST PICARD to a Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the men for whose Liberalism the Republicans go bail give them the lie as soon as they enter the Cabinet, and that, as a consequence of this, the working classes have ceased to put faith in any man. It is expedient no doubt that moderate Liberal politicians should make many sacrifices to win over the Conservatives to the cause of the Republic; but it is also well that they should remember that if, in order to succeed, they themselves have to sacrifice all influence over the Republicans, the benefit of the conversion will be lost. When the Right wing of the intended coalition has arrived at its new ground, it

will find that the Left wing is further off from it than ever. It is hard to see how any Minister who is willing to bear the responsibility of the Press Bill can fairly be called a Liberal. It virtually abolishes trial by jury in a great majority of political cases, and it keeps alive the power of the Prefect to prohibit the street sale of offending newspapers without taking any further measures against them. The same Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* mentions that at the present time there are eighty-three Republican journals suffering under this disability. Whether the average fine thus inflicted on them is so great as he estimates it—40*l.* a day—it is impossible to say, but it is probable that even in London any morning newspaper, except the *Times*, which could not be had of the newsboys or at the railway stations, would soon find that it was published at a loss. In Paris, where the kiosks play so large a part in the distribution of newspapers, the prohibition of sale, except at the office or by the booksellers, has probably a still more damaging effect. And the statement that in the rural districts, "when a newspaper cannot be brought to a village and freely sold by the pedlars, it ceases to have any readers," has every appearance of being true. The Liberal party had a right to expect that the presence of M. DUFAYRE and M. LÉON SAY in the Cabinet would have secured them against the perpetuation of this annoyance. It is worse in principle than the substitution of the Correctional Police for trial by jury in a large number of cases which will be none the less political because the prosecution, and probably the Court, will call them by some other name. It implies, at all events, a certain measure of restraint upon a Government that it has to order proceedings to be taken against a newspaper, and has to run the risk of whatever unpopularity the trial may bring down upon it. But when a Prefect interdicts the street sale of a newspaper the Government runs next to no risk. There is no public court in which an advocate can denounce the despotism which seeks to interfere with the free expression of political opinion. Nothing is to be feared beyond the indignation of the aggrieved journal, which is probably kept within bounds by the fear of further punishment, and is at all events imparted to a greatly diminished number of readers.

M. DUFAYRE may perhaps find himself so much in accord with M. BUFFET upon the policy to be pursued during the elections, or may be so convinced of his own ability to give this policy a colour which it would not otherwise assume, as to think it his duty to remain in the Cabinet even at the cost of having to oppose in office the principles which he defended in Opposition. But M. LÉON SAY'S Liberalism has been supposed to be of a less enduring type, and in the matter of the Press Bill he is under the special disadvantage of being associated with a well-known newspaper. It is possible, however, that the immediate cause of offence may shortly be removed by the virtual withdrawal of this singularly ill-judged measure. M. BUFFET may wish to get it passed because the powers with which it invests the Government in every department are more readily available, if not greater, than those which the Government now possesses in the departments in which the state of siege is still maintained. But this is a reason for pushing the Bill through which cannot well be made public. A Government which professes to release the press from the fetters of military rule is precluded from admitting that its object is to substitute civil fetters of equal weight and more universal application.

GAS AND WATER LEGISLATION.

THE London Gas and Water Companies are as usual to be subjected in the next Session to Parliamentary litigation. The Bill of the Metropolitan Board of Works for the regulation of the Gas Companies is merely in continuance of last year's inquiry, which was interrupted by the approach of the close of the Session. It is not likely that a Bill for the transfer of the rights and powers of the Water Companies to a Commission will be approved by Parliament. The City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works will be jealous of the establishment of a new authority within their respective jurisdictions, nor can it be reasonably contended that the control of the water supply, if there is any reason for withdrawing it from the Companies, ought to be vested in nominees of the Crown. The advantages which are popularly supposed to arise from the municipal administration of gas and water are to

a great extent imaginary; but under existing legislation the consumers are the residuary owners of the undertakings, and it may be plausibly argued that they are entitled to the management of property which is held in trust for their use. There is no reason to suppose that any Commission or corporate body would be able, after purchasing the undertakings of the Water Companies, to supply better or cheaper water. The only alternative of the supply from the Thames, the Lea, and the New River would be one of several gravitation schemes for bringing soft water from distant mountain districts. At a cost of several millions water could be procured of good quality, and in abundant quantity, from the Lakes, or from the gathering grounds of the Severn, the Wye, or the Dee; but the expense would be enormous, and it would involve the abandonment of many costly works, and of sources of supply which are in some respects preferable. Opinions are divided as to the comparative advantages of hard and soft water for domestic supply; and the Royal Commission which sat some years ago inclined on the whole to a preference of water from the chalk. There is not the smallest reason for increasing the quantity of the present supply. Only a great amount of waste can account for the use of thirty gallons per head by a non-manufacturing population. Since a Commission or Corporation would supply the same water probably at the same price as at present, the only reason for a change must be a supposed improvement in distribution. The Companies are now bound by law to provide constant pressure; and their delay in complying with the provisions of the most recent Act is only attributable to the difficulty of inducing consumers to re-arrange their fittings. It is doubtful whether the process would be accelerated by the substitution of a public body for Boards of Directors. In some parts of London there is already constant service.

The Gas Bill of last Session was subjected to a prolonged investigation by a Select Committee, of which Mr. FORSTER was Chairman. The Committee in substance reported in favour of the Bill as it had been introduced by the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation; but some amendments were introduced. It had been proposed that the dividends of the Companies should be reduced in a certain proportion to an increase in the price of gas above a certain amount stated in the Bill. The Board of Trade and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had intimated their disapproval of the clause, on the ground of its interference with the interest vested in the Companies by previous Acts. The Committee nevertheless adopted the principle of a sliding scale, with the additional provision that the Companies should be entitled to higher dividends for a lower price, while they were subjected to a corresponding diminution of profit when the price was raised. The Companies which had opposed the Bill declined, after the decision of the Committee in the preamble, to take part in the discussion of clauses, and announced that they reserved their opposition for the House of Lords. Of two Bills promoted by Gas Companies, one was withdrawn, but the promoters of the other submitted to the necessity of incorporating in their Bill the provisions of the Regulation Bill as it had been approved by the Committee. In the House of Commons Mr. DISRAELI, on behalf of the Government, undertook that the public Bill should as far as possible be resumed at the stage which it had reached in that Session. The Bill will therefore be read a first and second time as a matter of form; and the opponents can, if they think fit, take a division on the third reading. If the Bill passes the House of Commons, it will be submitted to a Select Committee of the House of Lords, unless it is rejected at an earlier stage. In the meantime some of the Companies are subject to the Act of 1860, some to later Acts of 1868 and 1869, and one Company to the provisions of the pending Regulation Bill. The present agitation results from the increase in the price of gas supplied by some of the larger Companies during the scarcity of coal. The prices have since been reduced, although there is still a certain inequality of charge due to local causes. The illuminating power is approximately uniform, though the legal obligations of the Companies vary. The actual light is necessarily in excess of the legal standard, because an attempt at exact conformity would involve the risk of falling short of the standard and consequently of incurring penalties.

In the meantime the two largest Gas Companies, and one of smaller dimensions, have resolved on a measure of which the ulterior consequences may probably be more

important than any immediate result. The Imperial Company, the Chartered Company, and the Independent Company have determined on amalgamation under the provisions of an Act which enables the Chartered Company to amalgamate with any or all of the metropolitan Companies. The policy of amalgamation was strongly urged on the Companies by Lord CARDWELL'S Committee in 1867 and 1868, and the Board of Trade has repeatedly insisted on the expediency of union. After obtaining the Act of 1868, the Chartered Company absorbed in succession three or four minor Companies, with consequences which have perhaps not yet been sufficiently tested by experience. The immediate effect was to increase the price of gas in the amalgamated districts; but, on the other hand, the smaller Companies share in the advantage of the great works of the Chartered Company at Beckton, which is several miles down the river. The Metropolitan Board of Works is no longer favourable to large amalgamations, which in fact produce no saving except in the insignificant item of directors' salaries. Some of the smallest Companies supply the cheapest gas, but perhaps their superiority may be due to causes irrespective of their magnitude. The price of gas varies inversely with the proportionate capital expended, and directly with the price of coke and other residual products. Coal ought, it would seem, to be bought cheapest in large quantities; but sometimes small dealers are better situated for watching the fluctuations of the market, either as buyers of coal or as sellers of coke and coal tar. The experienced men of business who direct the affairs of the Imperial and the Chartered Companies have probably satisfied themselves that their position will be rendered more secure by amalgamation. The Imperial Company will be required to adopt the provisions of the Act of 1868, which are in some respects less favourable than those of its own Act of 1869. The principal sacrifice will be the surrender of the right to form a reserve fund for the equalization of dividends. The Directors probably see their way to earning full dividends in future, although they have in former years sometimes made up shortcomings from the reserve.

As the United Company will supply by far the largest portion of the metropolis, it will probably attract within its orbit the outlying undertakings; or, even if the Phoenix, the Commercial, the South Metropolitan, and two or three other Companies choose for the present to retain their independence, the magnitude of the combined undertaking will probably once more suggest to the Metropolitan Board of Works the policy of acquiring the control of the gas supply. Like the Roman people in the aspiration of CALIGULA, the gas undertaking will soon offer a single neck to decapitation. The Boards which have determined to amalgamate are certainly not blind to an obvious contingency which is not necessarily to be regarded as a danger. There are some real and more ostensible reasons for converting the Board of Works from hostile inspectors into responsible administrators. Much elaborate machinery of testing and supervision, varied by periodical Parliamentary contests, might be superseded by a transfer of the undertakings. An elected body might or might not supply good gas, but it would probably consult the wishes of its constituents, whether they preferred to save their pockets or their eyes. When a purchase Bill was promoted a year ago, some of the Companies invited overtures from the Board of Works for an equitable purchase; but an illusory offer in return was probably explained by the intention of the Board only to proceed with the Regulation Bill which has now been reintroduced alone. If the numerous speakers and writers who extol the results of municipal gas management may be trusted, the Board of Works might well afford to secure to the shareholders their present income and legal expectancies, and at the same time to make a considerable profit by the undertaking. There is really no principle at issue, nor have gas proprietors any sentimental attachment to their particular form of investment. The union of the two great Companies will provide an opportunity for renewing negotiations which might have the effect of rendering further Parliamentary contests superfluous.

THE COMMUNE.

IT has become one of the received maxims of the French Government since the close of the German war that all dirty linen shall be washed in public. The shroud of secrecy has been removed from the mismanagement of the Empire, and from the errors of the Government of Sep-

tember. The shortcomings of French generals have been sufficiently revealed by the disclosures of the BAZAINE trial, and evidence has been heaped on evidence to show how inefficient most of the defenders of Paris were, and how inefficiently they were commanded. Probably those who judged that it was wise to set the truth before France in this ample way were right. It is true that Frenchmen are specially apt, having owned their mistakes, to forget that these mistakes were made; and in a country so overridden with officials, and so little accustomed to look to the practical carrying out of the changes which it thinks desirable, these revelations do not seem to produce much immediate effect. But the attention of some few competent persons is awakened, the good intentions of the better class of officials are stimulated, and a sense of improvement being a good thing is implanted, and may gradually gain strength unless very adverse circumstances make it wither away. A finishing touch has now been put to these revelations by the publication of General APPERT'S official Report on the Commune and on the fate of the captured Communists. This interesting document gives a sketch of the history of the insurrection, and of the proceedings taken with regard to the very numerous prisoners after the insurrection was suppressed. It is a melancholy passage in the history of France; but there can be no doubt as to the expediency of giving a record of it to the world. It is very desirable that Frenchmen should realize to the full the wickedness and the folly of those who were for a time masters of France, and the greatness of the danger through which the country passed. It is even more desirable that the Government should account to the nation for the enormous mass of prisoners that came into its hands. More than thirty thousand Frenchmen came under the jurisdiction of military tribunals, and it was necessary that those to whom very wide and extraordinary powers were confided should explain how they had used them. Under a Government like that of the Second Empire as many persons would have been shot or imprisoned or transported as the Government thought necessary to inspire a wholesome lesson, and no one would have known the details of what happened. As things are now, this is impossible. The Executive has great power, but it at least condescends to say how it employs its power; and that France has really gained something of indisputable value by the fall of the Empire could not be better proved than by the publication of a Report like that of General APPERT. Marshal MACMAHON has perhaps, like the EMPEROR, to see that things are safe. But the whole system of the EMPEROR forbade it to be revealed how things were made safe; whereas now the story of what is done is told with a considerable amount of frankness. The sense of responsibility thus engendered may be set down as an unquestionable gain, if it is a good thing that a Government should answer, not only for the ends it pursues, but also for the means it adopts.

Future historians will find very valuable materials in that part of the Report which gives the history of the insurrection, as General APPERT goes into many statistical details which have been pieced together with great care and detail. But the general story of the insurrection was already well known, and General APPERT has little to add to its outlines. That part of the Report will therefore not attract much attention now, and may be dismissed, except that it is interesting to notice that the complete returns now at the command of the Government show that the men serving, or supposed to be serving, under the Commune in the ranks of the National Guard exceeded 200,000, and were commanded by 9,000 officers. Fortunately the men and the officers were for the most part equally ignorant of war and unfit for it, but the greatness of the numbers opposed to the Government must be taken into account when a judgment is passed on the efficiency of the efforts made to suppress the insurrection. It is the part of the Report treating of the fortunes of the Communist prisoners that is really interesting. Immediately after the revolt was at an end M. THIERS announced that punishment would be rigidly administered, but that it would not be administered without a strict inquiry into the circumstances of each case. No fewer than twenty-six Councils of War were appointed to carry on the investigations, and it may fairly be said that every effort was made to provide enough tribunals to do the work, and to prevent the prisoners lingering on in uncertainty. The total number

of prisoners was 38,000, including 5,000 soldiers, 850 women, and 650 children or young persons of sixteen years of age or under. The number of persons arrested at the time of the defeat of the Commune was 26,000; the rest had either previously fallen into the hands of the Government troops or were arrested after the Commune had fallen. To deal with so large a number of prisoners was a great difficulty, and they were no doubt packed together very closely indeed at Versailles until they could be conveyed to the seaports, where most of them were kept until they were sent back to be tried. General APPERT thinks it worth while to show precisely how the prisoners were fed, and what arrangements were made for clothing them. At first there were several deaths, which was not unnatural, as many had lived for weeks in a state of semi-intoxication, and had been through what may be mildly termed a very agitating nervous crisis. But things soon improved in this respect; and in the ten months following the 1st of August, 1871, there were only 79 deaths, although there had been 150 in the previous months of June and July. The prisoners were allowed to communicate with their relations, and access to religious services was provided for that inconsiderable fraction of the lowest section of a Paris mob that could be supposed likely to take advantage of them. The general result of what General APPERT reports seems to be that the prisoners were humanely treated, and were brought to trial with a reasonable amount of rapidity.

The great difficulty of the police and the prosecution was to find out anything about the prisoners. Many of them had led a vagabond life, and it was hard to say who they were, or where they had come from, or what they had been doing. Against a very considerable proportion no evidence could be collected sufficient to lay before tribunals which, like the Councils of War, were instructed only to pronounce sentences justified by satisfactory evidence. About 1,000 were released almost immediately after their arrest, and by the middle of November 1871, 10,000 more were set at liberty—of whom, General APPERT thinks, perhaps 1,500 had been wrongly arrested, while against the remainder no sufficient evidence was forthcoming. By the month of March 1872 it had been ascertained that about 9,000 men more might be released, either because there was no chance of convicting them, or because the offences with which they could be charged were of too slight a character to make it worth while to try them by Councils of War. Out of the 850 women arrested only 200 were sent for trial, and 80 children or young persons out of 651. The Councils of War began by trying those who were considered to be the principal offenders, amounting altogether to about 3,000. At first the Councils, being occupied with the more important trials, and not yet established in sufficient number, made slow progress; but when their organization was perfected they got to despatch 2,000 trials a month. By the 1st of March, 1872, they had given directions that 1,100 more prisoners should be released, they had acquitted about 2,000, and condemned about 8,500. Only 350 then remained to be tried, and their trial was delayed either because they were ill, or because, as they had been recently arrested, their cases were not ready for trial. Thus in nine months all the prisoners who could be tried had been tried, and General APPERT justly considers this result as highly creditable to the authorities. The sentences of the Councils of War were subjected to the examination of two Councils of Revision, and about 5 per cent. of the sentences were annulled. Further, a Commission of Pardon was appointed by the Government in concurrence with the Assembly, and many of the severer sentences were mitigated by this body. On the whole, it cannot be said that the punishments were cruel or wantonly severe; 23 men and 8 women were executed, but those only were executed against whom some very special crime was proved. The only sufferer whose fate could provoke the slightest pity was ROSSEL. He had taken no part in any of the more heinous proceedings of the Commune, and he was executed only on the ground that he was a deserter from military service. None of the leaders of the Commune, or of the International, or of those who had instigated the people to the insurrection were executed, unless they had added to this offence some signal special crime, such as the murder of the hostages. Out of the 10,000 condemned, two-thirds were sentenced either to simple transportation or to imprisonment without hard labour. It must be remembered, however, that a consider-

able proportion of the leaders of the insurrection escaped into foreign countries, and the number of those who could be severely punished was so far lessened. Still the result remains that the punishments did not, as a whole, err on the side of severity; that in the treatment of the prisoners there was no effervescence of blind resentment, or secret cruelty; that the authorities worked exceedingly hard to give the prisoners a speedy trial; and that the history of what was done, now published, is one that no Government need be ashamed to place before the world.

NO POSSIBLE DANGER.

MR. WARD HUNT is still happy in discovering subjects for cheerful congratulation, and it must be admitted that in this respect he is greatly indebted to the indefatigable assistance of the *Iron Duke*. On the 1st of September this useful vessel proved her prowess by ramming her consort the *Vanguard*; immediately after the close of the subsequent court-martial she bumped the *Black Prince*; and on Saturday last she seems, as if in a fit of remorse, to have been herself on the brink of suicide. It appears that on this last occasion the *Iron Duke* had steamed into the Channel for a trial of her machinery, which had just been altered and repaired, and was going at the rate of four or five knots, when a large volume of water was suddenly found pouring into the stoke-hole in much the same way as in the case of the *Vanguard*. Indeed, the crew of the *Vanguard*, who now occupy the *Iron Duke*, are said to have noticed that the latter began to fill precisely as their former ship had done, and apparently made up their minds for a repetition of the disaster. The officer in command also thought it necessary to hoist a signal of distress. Happily, however, the cause of the accumulation of water was ultimately discovered and remedied, the signal for assistance was annulled, and the *Iron Duke* returned into harbour. It is evident from the official communication which has been sent to the newspapers that the Admiralty is greatly perplexed to understand why so much fuss should be made about a trifle like this. It is true that for a certain time—it is not stated exactly how long, but probably more than a quarter of an hour—the ship was rapidly filling from some cause which was not known to the engineers, and which might or might not be discovered in time to save the ship; but then, as it happened, it was by good luck discovered in time, and the moral of the Admiralty is, as usual, All's well that ends well. The Admiralty will not admit that in this instance there was any ground for the least alarm. In the face of notorious facts, they do not hesitate to commit themselves to the emphatic and unqualified assertion that "The ship was in no possible danger"; and when this assurance is read in connexion with the admission which immediately precedes it, it will be seen to be somewhat extraordinary. The whole passage runs thus:—"The cause of this"—that is, of the water flowing into the bilge—"not being at first known to the engineer, the engines were stopped, and all sea-communications were closed to ascertain it. The ship was thus in no possible danger." This is a statement which, coming from a responsible body of men entrusted with duties of the highest importance, certainly makes one rub one's eyes. A ship is rapidly filling with water, everybody on board is wholly in the dark as to where the water is coming from, or what should be done to stop it, and yet we are gravely told that there is "no possible danger."

Of course the crew closed all the "sea-communications" they knew of, but then there was a mysterious inrush of water which no one could explain, and which therefore they were for the time helpless to guard against. As for the stopping of the engines while a search was being made, it simply paralysed the ship, preventing the steam-pumps being worked, or any movement made towards the shore. As it happened, the fault was ultimately detected, and then, no doubt, the peril was over, for it turned out to be one which could readily be repaired. But clearly there was grave and imminent danger during that interval when the water was still pouring in, and when nobody knew where it came from, and nothing was being done to stop it. It is possible that in a very few seconds more the chance of safety might have passed, and, in any case, the timely discovery of what was wrong must be regarded rather as a happy accident than as a matter of course. The Admiralty boasts that "the cause of the accumulation of

"water" was "discovered and remedied without difficulty "or delay"; but though this may be true as regards the application of the remedy after the fault was discovered, it is not true as to the discovery, for in the first instance there were both difficulty and delay which might have proved fatal. It will be remembered that in the inquiry as to the *Vanguard*, one of the engineers stated that, if a particular plate had not been stiff and the instrument for opening it out of order, the sinking of the ship might have been, if not prevented, yet materially deferred. In the case of the *Iron Duke* the other day, if a very little longer time had been taken in finding out the origin of the leak, the favourable moment might also have passed.

A very important question now arises, though the Admiralty pass it over quietly enough, without a word of censure or reprimand, and that is how it came about that there was any fault to be rectified. And here we come upon a series of blunders and dislocations in the management of the ship which remind us painfully of the general laxity and carelessness disclosed at the late court-martial. First of all, the surface condensers were found to be overheated; but to a competent engineer surface condensers ought not to be any great mystery, and he ought to know perfectly well what degree of heat is proper. Next, the surface condensers having by negligence or incapacity been allowed to become too hot, it was necessary to remedy this by turning the sluice valves, which, when the sea connexion is opened, admit the sea water into the condensers; but the action of these sluice valves, as the Admiralty admits, "was not satisfactory, owing, as has "since been ascertained, to defective marking." It might have been supposed that in a properly managed ship so important a point would have received earlier attention, and it is clear that the valves had not been adequately tested, if tested at all, in the first instance. This oversight necessitated the use of the auxiliary injection in order to cool the condensers; and here another imperfection was unexpectedly disclosed. "The springs on the hot-well "valves proved weak under the additional pressure, and "the water passed into the bilge." It is stated in one of the newspapers that the accident arose, not from the breaking of the spring of a valve, as was at first supposed, but from the stiffness of no fewer than four of the condenser valves preventing their being closed, and thus admitting water through four holes, each six inches in diameter; but we do not yet know how far this is true. In any case it is plain that the accident was brought about by a series of blunders or acts of carelessness following one upon another. There could not be a more conclusive proof of the ineptitude which prevails in the detailed working of ironclads than the fact that, after all that has happened, the *Iron Duke* should have been sent into the Channel with her surface condensers overheated, her sluice valves defective, and the springs on the hot-well valves out of order. A ship must be in constant peril when such a succession of oversights is possible. It also appears that, if there had been a fog, the *Iron Duke* would have had another good chance of being lost; for when it was desired to fire a distress-gun, it was found that there was no powder on board. A supply of ammunition for military purposes is certainly not required in harbour, but it is obvious that a distress-gun is useless without powder, and the modest quantity required for such a purpose ought never to be wanting.

It seems to us that we have here a close repetition of "the want of judgment and want of duty" in handling ships which the Court-martial on the *Vanguard* pointed out in such decided language, but which the Admiralty chose, for its own reasons, in a great measure to ignore or palliate. It may be said that Mr. WADE HUNT cannot take charge of every ship himself, and that mistakes will happen; but what is done to discourage mistakes, and to encourage prompt and vigilant attention to duty? It has been proclaimed to the navy as the authoritative opinion of the Admiralty that there is "no possible "danger" in an Admiral first confusing his squadron by a bungling order, and then leaving the ships to shift for themselves, without instructions, in a fog; that there is no danger in ignorance of signals or neglect to provide the means of making them; and, now again, as if this were not enough to demoralize the best navy in the world, that there is "no possible danger" in a ship being allowed to go to sea in such a condition that she is for a time absolutely helpless against an inrush of water which nobody

can account for. The expression of such opinions is really not so much madness as sheer idiocy. In a recent address at Glasgow Sir W. THOMPSON justly remarked that, if the Admiralty Minute on the *Vanguard* remained unrepaled, the sea had acquired a new peril, seeing that an Admiral had declared, with the approval of the Board, that in making a passage through a fog with an unpractised fleet there are no means whatever of altering the speed by signal. Nothing can be more fatal to the navy than a persistent attempt of this kind to hush up, or make light of, the peculiar difficulties and dangers which attend the present transition state of the service. The whole conduct of the authorities has lately been to make incapacity self-complacent, to excuse neglect, and to foster a careless stupidity in the working of ships; and, considering the vital interests involved, this is not merely a blunder, but a crime. The endeavour of the Admiralty to hide or extenuate looseness and incompetence in the case of certain officers of the Reserve squadron has been consistently followed up by the impunity accorded to the officers of the *Alberta* in regard to conduct which—as far as the present evidence goes—involved a deliberate violation of the rule of the road at sea, and resulted in a fatal collision. Prince LEININGEN and Captain WELCH are not only screened from a court-martial, but, as we learn from the *Times* of Tuesday, Captain WELCH is specially exempted from the rule as to the duration of staff appointments which is to be rigorously applied to his fellow-officers. Such a policy as this naturally suggests doubts as to whether there is "no possible danger" in exposing the discipline and seamanship of the navy to such a process of disintegration.

AMERICA.

BY a curious coincidence, three conspicuous personages in Germany, England, and the United States have for various reasons simultaneously devoted themselves to a struggle against the real or supposed influence of Rome. Prince BISMARCK's reasons for attacking the Roman Catholic hierarchy are considered by the most powerful party among his countrymen sufficient, though his policy is but little understood by foreigners. Mr. GLADSTONE, regarding the controversy from a theological or ecclesiastical point of view, has at least the merit of undisputed sincerity. The strangest and most recent professor of No Popery doctrines is the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES. There is probably no country in which the Catholic clergy exercise so little power; but in the Northern States their flocks consist exclusively of Irishmen, who have not succeeded in making themselves popular. The only political object which the priests have striven to attain is the appropriation of a portion of the school funds to their own schools. Even in the city of New York, which has sometimes been a kind of Irish Republic, the demand has been uniformly rejected. There is probably no other part of the Union in which the Roman Catholics are equally strong. In some of the States the application of public money to schools managed by private associations is formally prohibited by the local Constitutions. If the Catholics succeeded in obtaining a subsidy from the city of New York, their Irish majority would be defeated, and the decision reversed at the first revision of the State Constitution. The Democratic rulers of the city are Catholics only incidentally, if at all. To whatever religious communion TWEED, KELLY, or MORRISSEY may profess to belong, their public conduct is regulated exclusively by secular impulses. It is not for the promotion of any religious faith that the tax-payers are habitually plundered. There is much more reason to expect that the Roman Catholics will be practically subjected to political disabilities than that they will attain a pernicious supremacy. In Maryland, Mr. CARROLL, a Catholic candidate of good family and high character, has lately been elected Governor; but in the previous contest he was opposed on sectarian grounds. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON took occasion to deliver an eloquent and apparently successful warning against an intolerance which violates the fundamental principles of American society.

General GRANT's unexpected attack on the Roman Catholic community is said to have revived his chance of nomination for a third time as President. It is even alleged that he is seriously alarmed by the agitation of the Catholic priests against the common school system, and that the elevation of Archbishop M'CLOSKEY to the rank of Cardinal has increased his uneasiness. If the PRESIDENT

is sincere, his sudden intervention in the controversy coincides by a remarkable felicity with his political interest. It is not in this instance only that he has disclosed his sentiments on the eve of an election. The official statement that a threatening message had been addressed to Spain was calculated, like the denunciation of the Roman Catholics, to promote the triumph of the Republican party. General GRANT has, since the State elections, expressed a probable opinion that the Republicans will retain possession of power for at least four years longer. It is true that the Democrats control the House of Representatives, but the Senate is Republican, and the party will not improbably succeed in electing a President. Little or nothing could be lost by an attack on the Roman Catholics. The Irish have been always allied with the Democrats, and, although they have in the city of New York lately split themselves for the moment into two factions, it is not likely that the followers either of MORRISSEY or KELLY will prolong their connexion with the Republicans. If there are no Catholic votes to lose, there may be Protestant votes to gain. The prejudice against a third term may possibly yield to the conviction that the taciturn General at the head of the Union has become one of the most adroit of politicians. As the champion of religious intolerance, he may perhaps revive the enthusiasm which was formerly aroused by his military exploits. For the present he has no conspicuous rival in the Republican ranks. If the POPE attempted to understand American politics, he would be surprised to learn that his harmless promotion of the Archbishop of New York had, instead of being accepted as a compliment, furnished occasion for an attack on his Church.

The death of a Vice-President of the United States becomes an event of political importance only in the contingency of a vacancy in the higher office. Mr. WILSON's predecessor retired from official and public life under a cloud, having dabbled in petty corruption, and having afterwards endeavoured to conceal his misadventure by an extraordinary accumulation of false statements. Mr. WILSON himself was respectable in character, and his success in political life proves that he had at some time possessed a considerable amount of vigour and ability. While he commanded the confidence of the Republican party, he could scarcely be considered one of its leaders; and he had attained his high official rank in compliment to the State of Massachusetts rather than in recognition of his own qualities. If he had accidentally succeeded to the Presidency he would probably, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of his political associates, have continued the system of government by patronage, and he would have exerted his influence against the introduction of a rational tariff. From the Western heresy of unlimited paper money Mr. WILSON was, as a New Englander, secure. His acknowledged mediocrity would have disarmed personal jealousy. The custom of electing obscure partisans to the dignified sinecure of the Vice-Presidency would long since have been abandoned if the people of the United States had required personal distinction as a qualification for the Presidency. The Vice-Presidents who have succeeded to the highest post have, in fact, been more than ordinarily ambitious and restless; but there was no danger that Mr. WILSON would emulate the activity of TYLER or ANDREW JOHNSON. His opinions were formed during the contest against slavery, and they were confirmed by the War of Secession. It was perhaps not without satisfaction that he witnessed the political collapse of General BUTLER, who had, both in Massachusetts and at Washington, been more conspicuous than himself.

In a recent speech the PRESIDENT expresses his belief that the system of paper money is definitively condemned by the result of the recent elections. He is himself entitled to the credit of having seriously studied the question of the currency, and of having recommended an early return to specie payments, before the Republican party in general had made up its mind to a sound and honest policy. It is not likely that any general project of inflation will be deliberately adopted; but it must be remembered that only two years ago Mr. BOUTWELL, with the sanction of the PRESIDENT, deliberately expanded or depreciated the currency in defiance of law as well as of economical principle. Much is gained by a declaration against further tampering with the currency; but the actual return to cash payments will require the exertion both of financial ability and of moral courage. For this reason the re-election of

General GRANT might perhaps be a public benefit. Sound views on questions which must be subjects of legislation matter more to the country than electioneering professions of national ambition or of religious intolerance. As soon as the immediate object was attained the Government once more relapsed into passive observation of the insurrection in Cuba; nor probably had the PRESIDENT at any time dreamed of the unprovoked quarrel which he threatened through Mr. CUSHING to fasten upon Spain. The later official explanations and apologies indicate a change, not of purpose, but of circumstances. Until the commencement of the Presidential canvass in next year, there will be no need for further warlike demonstrations. The Catholics also have little to fear from General GRANT, except that they may perhaps be exposed to popular suspicion and jealousy. They have at present no share in the school funds, and they have therefore nothing to lose. Those who manage Church policy might, if they were capable of learning, find a useful lesson in General GRANT's calculated declaration of hostility. It appears that in the United States, as in England and in many Continental countries, the easiest mode of pleasing the majority is to denounce the POPE and his works. It might be inferred that judicious ecclesiastics would avoid unnecessary collision with popular prejudice; but it is impossible to persuade PIUS IX. that he has lost influence wherever he has advanced unaccustomed claims. Even the appointment of an American Cardinal, instead of gratifying national vanity, seems to be regarded as a form of Papal aggression.

LORD ST. LEONARDS'S WILL.

ANOTHER illustration has been given of an old proverb. The first real-property lawyer of his time made his own will, and placed it in his own box, with the result which has been this week exhibited in the Probate Court. If he had employed a solicitor, a draft of the will would have been extant, and although the deposit of wills in the Registry of the Court is a modern invention, it was always possible to execute a will in duplicate, and place one part at a bank, while retaining the other in one's own custody. It may be added that, if an ordinary client consulted a solicitor on the preparation of an eighth codicil, he would probably be advised to embody all his testamentary dispositions in a new will. "If," says Lord ST. LEONARDS in his *Handy Book*, "I were a devisee of a living testator, I should like to know that the will was in the new depository. The expense and difficulty occasioned by the deposit would deter many men from capriciously altering their donations." He appears to have overestimated the expense and difficulty thus incurred. His own will was dated 13th January, 1870, and the last of the series of codicils was dated 20th August, 1873, and without suggesting that his dispositions were capricious, it may be said that they were inconveniently numerous. Like other teachers of mankind, he might have warned his hearers to be guided by what he said, and not by what he did. "I am unwilling," he says to the imaginary recipient of his letters, "to give you any instructions for making your will without the assistance of your professional adviser." A testator who consulted a lawyer every time he made a will or codicil would be unlikely to execute nine testamentary instruments within four years.

It being necessary to prove the contents of the will from memory, it would have been difficult to find a better witness than Miss SUGDEN. The purchase of the Kingsdown estate by the testator was completed in December 1869, and next month he made the will which has disappeared. He wrote the whole of the will himself, read it slowly to his daughter, and then executed it in the presence of two of his servants. He had made no secret of his intention to give the Kingsdown estate to his second son, and when he became alienated from his grandson, he avowed his determination to make Mr. FRANK SUGDEN the head of the family. The testator, said the witness, was much averse to his grandson's marrying, not only because of his youth, but also on account of the trouble which the necessary settlements would involve. It may be remarked that one of these objections to marriage was temporary, but the other permanent. It has been said that, if law will not adapt itself to society, society must adapt itself to law, and Lord ST. LEONARDS evidently considered a marriage settlement more important than marriage itself. In one of

those passages which he supposed suitable for popular reading he combats the objection which has been made to the "complicated and expensive machinery" of a settlement. He asks who ever complained of the complex movements in a well-finished watch, and he evidently thought the parallel complete and satisfactory. The grandson might have retorted that a watch would cost less money than a settlement, and might be bought at a minute's notice within a quarter of a mile of Lincoln's Inn. If this great master of English law did not think it the perfection of reason, that was perhaps because he knew that it had been partly made or marred by certain decisions of Lord BROUGHAM. But we may assume that this comparison of a marriage settlement to a watch was satisfactory to his own mind. "We admire the connexion of its parts depending on each other, and all necessary to form the combination which produces the desired results." The question whether conveyancing as practised in England is a good in itself or a necessary evil never presented itself to the mind of Lord ST. LEONARDS. "Why," he asks, "should we complain of a well-digested settlement?" We may at least admit that the troubles of owning property in England are less than those of owning none. But it is a new and strange version of *noblesse oblige* to hear that the young heir to a peerage must not marry because the indispensable settlements would be troublesome. "Settlements," says the *Handy Book*, "are the result of the improvements of centuries; they meet the wishes and wants of mankind, and are open to no sensible inconvenience." A carefully drawn will might with equal justice be compared to a well-finished watch, and it might be added that both are liable to be lost. This eminent conveyancer doubted whether to admire more Fines and Recoveries or the Statute which abolished them. On inspection, he says, we shall find how great a debt we owe to our legal ancestors for the very forms of which we complained. They were invented to obviate the injustice of prior laws, and have led to the system under which we have flourished. Whether the prosperity of this country was attained by or in spite of its system of property law was a question not considered by Lord ST. LEONARDS. But as he was fond of mechanical illustrations, he might have compared that law as he knew it in his own professional life to an ingenious lock of which the key had been mislaid, and therefore it was necessary to pick it.

The clear evidence of Miss SUGDEN removed much of the difficulty of this case. She was present at the execution of all the codicils; on each occasion she saw the will, and she read it twice or thrice. When the last codicil was made, the testator locked up the will with the codicils in his will-box and said, "I have done the last earthly thing I wish." The box was placed in its usual position on the floor of the room in which the testator sat and wrote. On his illness Miss SUGDEN took charge of the box, and retained it until her father was able to leave his room. It was then replaced by her in its old position, and remained there until March or April 1874, when her father being again confined to his room by illness, she again took charge of it, and retained its custody until the testator's death in January last. The box was opened after the funeral by Mr. TROLLOPE, solicitor, and when he announced that the will was not in it, Miss SUGDEN wrote out, at the suggestion of Mr. TROLLOPE, and without referring to any document, the provisions of the will as she remembered them. Her father often declared that it was the duty of every man so to arrange his affairs that there should be no possibility of dispute as to the disposition of his property after his death, and in his last illness he frequently expressed satisfaction at having so settled his own affairs. The cross-examination of the witness only confirmed her evidence. She had "several ideas" on the subject of the disappearance of the will, but she had been told, she said, to adhere to facts. Other witnesses deposed to hearing declarations by the testator of his intention to give, or of his having given, the Kingsdown estate to his son the Rev. FRANK SUGDEN, and of his having suitably provided for his unmarried daughter. Mr. FRANK SUGDEN stated that after his father's death he found in an inner drawer of an escritoire used by the deceased a duplicate key of the will-box, and there were five keys in the house with which the escritoire could be opened. Some editor of the *Handy Book* may perhaps venture to add to it a suggestion that, if you do keep your own will, you should endeavour to make it more safe than the tea or sugar of an occupant of furnished

lodgings. Mr. SUGDEN has had many offers from Spiritualists to furnish tidings of the missing will, but he has not availed himself of their assistance. We assume, however, that the reward of 500*l.* is as much open to be earned by a "medium" as by anybody else. The rule of law is that, if a will, traced to the possession of the deceased, and last seen there, is not forthcoming at his death, it is presumed to have been destroyed by himself, and that presumption must have effect unless there is sufficient evidence to repel it. But this presumption, which is raised by facts, may be rebutted by other facts which raise a higher degree of probability to the contrary. The onus of proof of such facts is on the party propounding the will. The argument of counsel against the will aimed at showing that this onus had not been sustained, and probably this argument assisted the Court to an immediate decision on the case. It is a great help to a judge to find that an able and experienced advocate has little to say in support of his client's case. "A most reasonable theory" propounded by defendant's counsel is, that the deceased on looking over his will, seeing the state in which he had left it by obliterations, interlineations, and the dispositions in the several codicils, destroyed it with the intention of making a new one, and that failing health and energy prevented him from carrying the intention into effect. If we accept this as the most reasonable theory which its authors could invent, we may be tolerably satisfied with a decision adverse to their clients. Lord ST. LEONARDS was not only a great lawyer but a man of strong common sense, and it is incredible that he would have destroyed an old will before he had made a new one.

There is, said the Judge, great danger in adopting evidence derived from the recollection of any witness, and more especially when that witness is an interested party. But there would also be great danger if, when, through fraud or accident, a will could not be produced, the Court were to be precluded from receiving such evidence. If these remarks and others which followed appear commonplace, we must remember that the case presented no difficulty commensurate with the interest it has excited. Indeed the cause of that interest has been, not so much facts as surmises, with which the Judge could have nothing to do. He regretted that he had not the assistance of a draft of the will in question, and we have already remarked that this was the consequence of the testator being his own lawyer. It seems that he wrote out this will from a previous one, without making anything that could properly be called a draft. The evidence of a professional man would have been more satisfactory, said the Judge, than that given by a lady. But this was a mere conventional opinion, and it may be doubted whether he really thought so. If Miss SUGDEN understood the *Handy Book*, she must be the equal of many lawyers, and when next the question is mooted of admitting ladies to professions, we shall feel rather pressed by this example of capacity. Ladies have been distinguished in mathematics, philosophy, and medicine, but we do not remember an historical nor even a living American example of a female lawyer, and those which occur in fiction are not flattering, although possible, creations. It can hardly be doubted that Miss SUGDEN was able to understand and remember the limitations of the Kingsdown estate, and it is not probable that the testator gave himself the trouble of writing out unnecessarily verbose or complicated clauses. Although a settlement or will drawn by a lawyer is not so beautiful as a work of art as Lord ST. LEONARDS thought, yet he had done much in his long and laborious life to improve the practice in which he delighted, and he was not a lover of prolixity for its own sake. To the suggestion that the testator had destroyed the will the Judge answered that he could find no assignable motive for that proceeding. He could not think that the testator would destroy the instrument, and thus throw all his affairs into confusion, and bring about that litigation which he was so anxious to avoid. His opinion was that the testator died in the belief that the will was in existence. It is almost a disappointment to find that the Judge has nothing more to say than this, and that critics of his judgment can only agree in it. It seems, too, that the case will hardly bear further litigation.

THE PLEASURE OF WEALTH.

HOW much money would one like to have? This is a question which has rather a speculative than a practical interest for most of us; and we are generally inclined to make the simple reply, "As much as we can get"; to which may or may not be added the qualification, "without stealing." We may leave it to moralists to point out the folly of over-anxiety for money, or to prove that all wealth is but a burden for the nobler spirit. We will be content to admit that, as a matter of fact, most people would rather have a guinea than a pound, and that, as far as their immediate personal comfort is concerned, they are generally right. Few people have practically to consider what is the superior limit to the desirableness of money; and yet, if a wise man were invited to fix his income with a simple view to his own personal comfort, he would probably be content with a place rather below the highest degree of the scale. Let us consider where he ought to draw the line. It is plain, in the first place, that he would place himself above the point of actual suffering. The greatest break in the social scale is that at which a man ceases to feel any appreciable anxiety as to his personal independence. When the danger of actual starvation, or of being only saved from starvation by the workhouse, ceases to be appreciable, a man has received the greatest benefit that wealth can give him. Johnson once observed, after looking at the house of some very rich man, that all this wealth excluded only one evil—poverty. The remark may not be logically accurate, but it points to a substantial truth. Downright want of food or clothes, actual physical suffering caused by poverty, is an evil so great that no other service which can be rendered by wealth is equal to that of removing it. If a man has sufficient means to secure the full development of his mental and bodily faculties, and to enjoy their exercise without anxiety as to the future, he has, we may say, reached dry land, and it is comparatively a matter of little importance how far he may afterwards climb above the level of the floods. Indeed this is to estimate his requirements too highly. A complete development would seem to imply that a man should be able to receive the most thorough education obtainable at the period. The worst evil of poverty disappears when a man has gained a firm footing on some step of the social ladder at which physical privations are not felt as a present or probable evil. The owner, for example, of a few acres, as he is described by the admirers of small landed estates, may be as free as a millionaire from any doubts as to a sufficiency of food and clothing. He cannot have any intellectual faculties which he may possess developed to the highest conceivable pitch, but he has full play for his faculties in their actual stage of development. A skilled artisan, a comfortable farmer, or even an ordinary labourer in a region where there is a steady demand for his services, may have all his requirements sufficiently satisfied, and be in no fear that he will ever be unable to satisfy them. In some distant millennium every member of the community may be capable of the highest intellectual and æsthetic enjoyments. In any period to which we can look forward, it would be amply sufficient if the lower classes were rich enough to be out of all danger of physical deterioration, and civilized enough to prefer rational to brutalizing enjoyments. The most positive evils of poverty would then have disappeared.

From this point of relative comfort there is a continuous gradation up to the other point at which wealth becomes a burden. The difficulty is to fix this latter point. Evidently it must come somewhere. Every pound added to one's income must give, *ceteris paribus*, less pleasure than the preceding pound; and for the simple reason that we naturally spend our income on satisfying our most pressing wants. As one by one we have stopped up every avenue through which discomfort approaches, we have to tax our ingenuity to discover new modes of positive gratification. As the human faculties are limited, this becomes difficult, or even impossible, except at the price of making ourselves slaves to our wealth. Of course, if a man chooses to muddle away his fortune in almsgiving or gambling, there is no income of which he may not easily disburden himself. We are simply inquiring how much he can judiciously spend upon his own comfort. The list of physical pleasures is very soon exhausted. A man has but one palate and one pair of hands. Even if he wore a new coat every day, he would soon find that an old coat is far more comfortable; and the most skilful cooks will admit that dishes only become very expensive by being out of season or by useless extravagance. A house of moderate size is as comfortable as a palace; and a few hundreds a year will provide the best of dwellings in the best of situations. Building, indeed, is a temptation, because architects have an almost unrivalled skill in getting rid of money; but building houses for oneself very soon becomes building prisons. There are disadvantages even in a single country house for a man living in town. It forces him to spend part of his summers in a particular place, when he might prefer travelling; it obliges him to entertain friends of whom a large percentage are certain to be bores; and it subjects him, unless he is a very strong-minded person indeed, to the necessity of taking a part in various troublesome local duties. Admitting, however, that a couple of establishments give more pleasure than trouble, we have still not passed the bounds of a reasonable income. The next question is, how much a man can spend upon his pleasures, and here there is of course a wide field for expenditure. Assuming, however, that a wise man would wish to be respectable, and that he has certain intellectual tastes, his tether is not a very long one. A man of literary or artistic culture may

wish to form a library or a picture-gallery. But even here, so far as books are intended for reading and pictures for being looked at, the powers of money are moderate. A library of a few thousand volumes will provide the greatest of literary gluttons with all the books from which he really derives enjoyment; and so large a proportion of the best pictures are in public galleries that a comparatively moderate collection will serve all purposes of private possession. Of course, by becoming a hunter of rarities, a great deal of money may be spent, but that is a pursuit which, however respectable, is generally most enjoyable when the means are limited. When Charles Lamb screwed up his courage to give a few shillings for an old dramatist, he got more pleasure out of his bargain than the rich man who would give as many hundreds. As some people have found rat-killing as amusing as tiger-shooting, so the poor collector gets as much fun out of his pursuits as his rival with a bottomless purse. A really good whist-player holds that very high stakes destroy the true interest of the game; and the various forms of curiosity-hunting, whether the objects be the old masters or rare books or china or autographs or pigeons, are about equally interesting. The more intellectual a man's tastes, the more he really cares for art or study, the less he will be interested, speaking generally, in these subsidiary amusements. Shakespeare can be studied just as well in the facsimile of the first folio as in the original; and all that the rich man gains in this sense is that he has not to make so many visits to the British Museum. When a man has as good a house as he cares to inhabit, as good wines and meats and cigars as he cares to consume, as many books as he can read and as many pictures as he can enjoy, as much hunting or fishing or travelling as he can find time for, and can see his friends as often and in as much comfort as he chooses, he will begin to find it rather troublesome to invent new gratifications. We assume that such a man is able to provide sufficiently for his family. Most people are philosophical in regard to their children, and can see very distinctly that it is a doubtful advantage to a young man to be born without the need of exerting himself. After all that can be said, it is plain when we are talking of our neighbours that the greatest of all securities for happiness, after the possession of a good constitution, is to have an absorbing pursuit. Any profession which rewards a man for exerting his faculties to the utmost is in the long run a source of the greatest pleasure in life. Whether a man is the best jockey, or the best lawyer, or the greatest writer in England, he has for the time an inestimable security against the possibility of being bored. Though we should all like to grow rich, few people would maintain that a man born to a fortune is on the average happier than a man who has a fortune to make, and is capable of making it. The fact is clear enough to make any reasonable man contented who can start his children with a sufficient provision against poverty, though he may not be able to leave them large fortunes.

The question then is, for how much money these advantages may be obtained. The answer of course varies, and probably the figure suggested would become a little higher every year. One suggestion has been made, that the happiest of all conditions is to have ten thousand a year and to be supposed to have five. We fully agree that it is possible to be happy upon ten thousand a year; and indeed we are inclined to hope that many people get all the essentials of life upon less. It is a plausible doctrine, too, that it is desirable that your income should be under-estimated. It is of course pleasant to get credit for liberality when you do not deserve it, and to feel that you are escaping demands which would be made if the truth were known. The general desire of human beings to be regarded as richer than they are seems to prove, however, that most people dread the shame of poverty more than the accusation of meanness. If we ask what people actually desire, we must assume that one of the main pleasures of life is that of making a display of wealth. If we ask what they ought to desire as rational beings, we must say that a man should wish to be known for what he is. In fact, the pleasantest society is often to be found in small circles, where concealment is practically impossible, and where people have therefore tacitly agreed to a scale of expenditure in proportion to their means. The true answer to the question would therefore be found by inquiring what is the average income by which a man can command without trouble that social position for which he is best qualified by his tastes. If he has about twice that amount, and uses it to gratify any special tastes, instead of seeking for admission to a different sphere, he will probably be about as comfortable as money can make him.

PARENZO.

PARENZO, the ancient colony of Parentium, is likely to be, for many travellers in Istria and Dalmatia, their first point of stoppage after leaving Trieste. The short voyage is a lovely one. Looking back, there is Trieste on her hill-side, with her suburbs and detached houses spreading far away in both directions, and backed by the vast semicircle of the Julian Alps, with the snowy peaks of their higher summits soaring above all. The first part of the Istrian shore has a strikingly rich and picturesque look, which is lost in the southern part of the peninsula. The small Istrian towns, each one of which has its civil and ecclesiastical history, jut out each one on its peninsula, and in this part of the voyage the spaces between them are not lacking in signs of human dwelling and cultivation. Capo d'Istria, once Justinopolis, lies in its

gulf to the left. Forwards, Pirano stands on its headland, its *duomo* rising above the water on arcades built up to save it from the further effects of the stripping process which is so clearly seen along the coast. The castle, with its many towers capped with their Scala battlements, rises amidst town and church, with a picturesqueness not common in Italian buildings. The church, on the other hand, is as far from picturesque as most Italian churches are without, and the detached campanile is simply a miniature of the great tower of Venice. But neither Capo d'Istria nor Pirano is so likely to cause the traveller bound for Dalmatia to halt as the other and more famous peninsular town of Parenzo. Long before Parenzo is reached, the Istrian shore has lost its beauty, though the Istrian hills, now and then capped by a hill-side town, and the higher mountains beyond them, tell us something of the character of the inland scenery. At last the Parenzine headland is reached; the temples which crowned it are no longer to be seen, but the campanile of the famous *duomo*, with its Veronese spire, and one or two smaller towers, have taken their place as the prominent objects of the little city. On the side which would otherwise be open to the Adriatic, the isle of St. Nicolas shuts in the haven guarded by a round Venetian tower. The other side of the peninsula is washed by the mouth—here we must not say the estuary—of a stream yellow as Tiber, which comes rushing down by a small waterfall from the high ground where the Parenzine peninsula joins the mainland. On this peninsula stood the older municipium of Parentium and the colony, some say the Julian Colony of Augustus, others the Ulpian Colony of Trajan. The zeal of Dr. Kandler, the great master of Istrian antiquities, made out the position of the forum, patrician and plebeian, the capitol, the theatre, and the temples. The traveller will probably need a guide even to the temples, though one of them keeps the greater part of its stylobate, and the other one has two broken fluted columns left. A single inscribed stone in the ancient forum he can hardly fail to see; but the truth is that the Roman remains of Parentium are such as concern only immediate local inquirers into Parenzine history. At Pola it is otherwise; there the Roman remains stand out as the great object, utterly overshadowing the buildings of later times; but at Parenzo the main interest, as it is not mediæval, so neither is it pagan Roman. As at Ravenna, so at Parenzo, the real charm is to be found in the traces which it keeps of the great transitional ages when Roman and Teuton stood side by side. Against the many objects of Ravenna Parenzo has only to set its one. It has no palace, no kingly tomb—though the thought cannot fail to suggest itself that it was from Istrian soil that the mighty stone was brought which once covered the resting-place of Theodoric. It has but a single church of moment, but that church is one which would hold no mean place even among the glories of Ravenna. The capitol of Parentium has given way to the episcopal precinct, and the temple of the Capitoline god has given way to the great basilica of St. Maurus, the building which now gives Parenzo its chief claim to the study of those for whom the days of the struggle of Goth and Roman have a special charm.

As to the date of the church of Parenzo there seems little doubt. It is a basilica of the reign of Justinian, which has been preserved with remarkably little change, and which will hardly find, out of Rome and Ravenna, any building of its own class to surpass it. With the buildings of Ravenna it stands in immediate connexion, being actually contemporary with the work both at St. Vital and at St. Apollinaris in Classe. Its foundation is a little later, as the church of Parenzo seems to have been begun after the reconquest of Italy and Istria by Belisarius, while both St. Vital and St. Apollinaris, though finished under the rule of the Emperor, were begun under the rule of the Goth. There are points at Parenzo which connect it with both the contemporary churches of Ravenna. The pure basilican form, the shape of the apse, hexagonal without, though round within, are common to Parenzo and Classe; the capitals too have throughout the Ravenna stilt above them; but of the capitals themselves many take that specially Byzantine shape which at Ravenna is found only in St. Vital. That the founder was a Bishop Euphrasius is shown by his monogram on many of the stilts, by the great mosaic of the apse, in which he appears holding the church in his hand as founder, and by the inscription on the disused tabernacle, which is engraved in Mr. Neale's book on Dalmatia and Istria. Mr. Neale however, though he copied the inscription rightly, or nearly so, misunderstood it in the strangest fashion, and thereby led himself into much needless puzzlement. Euphrasius, according to Dr. Kandler, having been before a decurion of the town, became the first bishop in 524, when the Istrian bishoprics were founded under Theodoric. The church would seem to have been built between 535 and 543. The inscription runs thus:—

Fam[us] . D[omi]ni . Euphrasius . Anis[us] . temporib[us] . suis . ag[ens]
an[im]u[m] . xi . hunc . loc[um] . a . fundamentis . D[omi]ni . jobanti[us]
s[an]c[t]e . ec[clesi]e . Catholice . cond[idit]

The church was therefore begun in the eleventh year of the episcopate of Euphrasius—that is, in 535. Dr. Kandler prints, unluckily only in an Italian translation, a document of 543, the sixteenth year of Justinian, who appears with his usual titles, in which Euphrasius makes regulations for the Chapter, and speaks of the church as something already in being. Mr. Neale quotes from Coletti, the editor of Ughelli's *Italia Sacra*, part of a document in Latin which is obviously the same, but which is assigned to 796, the sixteenth year of Constantine the Sixth. The difference is strange; but the date of the document does not directly affect the date of the church, and, whatever be the date

of either, Mr. Neale needlessly perplexed himself with the inscription. He says that the inscription commemorates a certain Pope John, and wonders that Euphrasius, who took part in what is called the Aquileian schism about the Three Chapters, should record the name of a Pope with whom he was not in communion. But this difficulty is got rid of by the simple fact that there is nothing about any Pope John in the inscription. Mr. Neale strangely read the two words DO . IOBANT .—the words are carefully marked off by stops—that is, in the barbarous spelling of the inscription, DEO IVVANTE, into the four words "Domino Johanne Bentissimo Antistite." We therefore need not, in fixing the date of the church of Parenzo, trouble ourselves about any Pope. There can be no doubt that it is the work of Euphrasius, and that Euphrasius was one of those who opposed Rome about the Three Chapters. In any case, the *duomo* of Parenzo has the interest which attaches to any church built while our own forefathers were still worshipping Woden; and we may safely add that it has the further interest of being built by a prelate who threw off all allegiance to the see of Rome.

The church is indeed a noble one, and its long arcades preserve to us one of the most speaking examples of the forms of a great basilica. Every arch deserves careful study, because at Parenzo the capitals seem not to have been the spoil of earlier buildings, but to have been made for the church itself. Some still cleave to the general Corinthian type, though without any slavish copying of classical models. Animal forms are freely introduced; bulls, eagles, swans, are made to do duty as volutes. Others altogether forsake the earlier types; as became a church built in the dominions of Justinian while St. Sophia was actually rising, some have adopted the square Byzantine form enwreathed with its basket-work of foliage. But all, whatever may be their form in other ways, carry the Ravenna stilt, marked, in some cases at least, with the monogram of the founder Euphrasius. Happily the love of red rags which is so rampant on either side of Parenzo, at Trieste and at Zara, seems not to have spread to Parenzo itself, and the whole of this noble series of capitals may be studied with ease. The upper part, including the arches, has been more or less Jesuited within and without, but enough remains to make out the original arrangements. The soffits on the north side are ornamented like those in the basilica of Theodoric, a style of ornament identical with that of so many Roman roofs; above was a simple round-headed clerestory, and outside the same slight beginnings of ornamental arcades which are to be seen at St. Apollinaris in Classe. The apse, with its happily untouched windows and its grand mosaic, also carries us across to Ravenna. Besides the founder Euphrasius, there are the Archdeacon Claudius and his son, a younger Euphrasius, besides St. Maurus the patron and other saintly personages. Below is a rich ornament, but which surely must be of somewhat later date, formed largely of the actual shells of mother-of-pearl. The Bishop's throne is in its place; and, as at Ravenna and in the great Roman basilicas, mass is celebrated by the priest standing behind the altar with his face westward. Such was doubtless the usage of the days of Euphrasius, and in such an old-world place as Parenzo it still goes on.

But if, in this matter, Parenzo clings to a very ancient use, we may doubt whether, at Parenzo or anywhere else, the men who made these great apses and covered them with these splendid mosaics designed them to be, as they so often are, half hidden by the *baldacchini* which cover the high altar. Even in St. Ambrose at Milan, where the apse is so high above the altar and where apse and *baldacchino* are of the same date, we feel that the view of the east end is in some measure interfered with. Much more is this the case at Parenzo, where the apse is lower and the *baldacchino* more lofty. But the Parenzo *baldacchino*, dating from 1277, is a noble work of its kind, and it is wonderful how little change the course of seven hundred years has made in some of its details as compared with those of the great arcades. The pointed arch is used, and the Ravenna stilt is absent, but the capitals, with their animal volutes, are almost the same as some of those of Euphrasius. Between the cate of Euphrasius and the date of the *baldacchino* we hear of more than one consecration, one of which, in 961, is said to have followed a destroying Slavonic inroad; but it is clear that any works done then must have been works of mere repair, not of rebuilding. No one can doubt that the columns and their capitals are the work of Euphrasius, and by diligently peeping round among the mass of buildings by which the church is encumbered, the original design may be seen outside.

But the church of Parenzo is not merely a basilica; it has all the further accompaniments of an Italian episcopal church. West of the church stands the atrium, with the windows of the west front and the remains of mosaic enrichment rising above it. An arcade of three on each side surrounds the court, a court certainly far smaller than that of St. Ambrose. Two columns with Byzantine capitals stand on each side; the rest are ancient, but those of the west side are a repair of the present King, or by whatever title it is that the King of Dalmatia and Lord of Trieste reigns in the intermediate land of Istria. To the west of the atrium is the roofless baptistery, to the west of that the not remarkable campanile. We have thus reached the extreme west of this great pile of building, which, after all—such is the difference of scale between Southern and Northern churches—reaches only the measure of one of our smallest minsters or greatest parish churches. The basilica of Parenzo and all its accompaniments, measures, according to Mr. Neale's plan, only about 240 feet in length. But, if we have traced out those accompaniments

towards the west, we have not yet done with those towards the east. A modern quasi-transept has been thrown out on each side, of which the northern one strangely forms the usual choir, much as in St. Peter's at Rome. These additions have columns with Byzantine capitals, like those in the atrium, copied from the old ones. But beyond this choir, and connected with the original church, is a low vaulted building of the plainest round-arched work, called, as usual, the "old church," the "pagan temple," and what not, which leads again into two elliptical chapels, the furthest having an eastern apse. Now these chapels have a mosaic pavement, and it is most remarkable that, below the pavement of the church, is a pavement some feet lower, which evidently belongs to some earlier building, and which is on the same level as the pavement of these chapels. It is therefore quite possible that we have here some remains of a building, perhaps a church, earlier than the time of Euphrasius. Between Constantine and Justinian there was time enough for a church to be built at Parentium and for Euphrasius to think it needful to rebuild it. Lastly, among the canonical buildings on the south side of the church is one, said to have been a tithe barn, with a grand range of Romanesque coupled windows, bearing date 1250. They remind us somewhat of the so-called John of Gaunt's stables, the real St. Mary's Guild, at Lincoln. In short, so long as any traces are left of the style once common to all Western Europe, England and Italy are ever reminding us of one another.

Such is the church of Parenzo, and at Parenzo the church is the main thing. As we pass away, and catch the last traces of the church of Euphrasius rising above the little peninsular city, our thoughts cross to the other side of the Adriatic, and it seems as if the men who came to fetch the great stone from Istria to Ravenna had left one of the noblest basilicas of their own city behind them on the Istrian shore.

LEARNING BY HEART.

IT is said that the practice of making their scholars learn by heart is now almost abandoned in our grammar schools. It is no longer part of the work of the lower and middle forms to repeat pieces from Shakespeare and Milton, Virgil and Ovid. The upper boys are not now required to bring up at the yearly examination lines from Horace and Sophocles, Catullus and Pindar, or encouraged to select striking passages from Livy and Thucydides, and commit them to memory. Five-and-twenty years ago the best lads coming up to Oxford from the best public schools could say by heart the greater part of the Odes of Horace, hundreds of lines of Virgil, Catullus, Ovid, Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles, and many choice morsels from other classical authors. They not only knew what great characters the Greek and Latin historians drew, and what great deeds they recorded, but they could repeat the actual words of some of the most celebrated passages. Now it is said to be a rare thing to find a freshman who can say by heart fifty consecutive lines of Milton or Homer, or even of Horace. Explanation and illustration, talk about the text—or "literary estimates," as it is the fashion to call them—have taken the place of the old intimate knowledge of the actual text of the authors. The sixth form boy, though he cannot repeat what Homer and Milton have said, can almost repeat what Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley say they have said. The latest comments on the text of a renowned author receive now the reverence which was formerly reserved for the text itself. The scholar and his teacher agree that committing to memory the words of authors is a slavish practice, which, whatever may have been the necessity for it in the dark ages of grammar-schools, when books were few and ushers ignorant, must now give place to more free and less mechanical methods.

If this is really the case, a greater mistake has not been made in English schools since the revival of learning. The basis of all sound knowledge and of all true appreciation of the literature of any language is a careful, reverent, pondering study of the text of the best authors who have written in it. And in the process of such a study learning by heart is a most important, it might almost be said an indispensable, element. No means, for example, are so effective for helping the young scholar over the formidable difficulties which he must encounter when he first breaks ground in a literary language. No other process gives him so easily or so quickly a vocabulary; none gives him so speedy or so sure a mastery of genders and quantities, of the combinations of case, of exceptional inflections, of the right order and relations of words in a sentence, and of the other rudimentary idioms of construction. Again, the student of a literary language, whether ancient or modern, has acquired no real mastery over it, no real insight into it, until he has learnt to compose in it to a certain extent. And nothing promotes the acquisition of the art of composition so much as learning by heart. No plan, for example, has ever been found so successful for teaching boys and girls to write Greek or Latin, French or German prose as that of causing them to render a passage, translated into English from a standard author, back into the language of the original, and then making them learn the original by heart and compare it with their own faulty attempt. Or if, as some modern critics and essayists tell us, the appreciation of style is the great result to be produced by a literary training, what process is so apt to generate this faculty as that of committing to memory famous passages from the works of great masters of style? A hundred lines of Plato or Cicero committed to memory are worth more than pages of discourse by the acutest critic upon the style of Plato or

Cicero. Not that it is not a useful thing for a scholar who has advanced to a certain stage in his knowledge of the text of an author to read essays or criticisms on his style. Such essays often serve to correct or strengthen impressions, to direct attention to matters previously overlooked, and to convert unconscious into conscious study. But all this presupposes a careful study of the text of the author criticized. None of these benefits will be derived from an essay by a reader who does not know well the author's text; not many by one who has not already so far pondered over that text as to learn parts of it by heart.

Persons who went to school while it was still the fashion to make scholars learn by heart, and who have thus acquired the power of doing so without much discomfort, should value and cherish the faculty as they cherish their eyesight or their bodily activity. Once acquired, the power is, like the power to swim, never wholly lost. But it must be exercised continuously in order that its full benefits may be enjoyed. Great as is the value of a literary memory to the young, essential as is its proper cultivation to their literary training, its exercise is yet more valuable and necessary to busy men of middle age, if they wish to retain any hold upon the culture of letters, and to preserve around their minds an atmosphere of something better than money-making, business, or society. The very busiest among professional men or traders must have each day some spare minutes in which he has what is commonly described as "nothing to do"; when he is separated from his books and his papers, has nothing at hand to read, and sees around him nothing which particularly interests him. The half-hour during which he lies awake at night, the winter evening which he has to spend in a railway train, the hour which is occupied every morning in walking or riding to the office or to chambers, the five-and-twenty minutes during which his solicitor or his dentist keeps him waiting, the quarter of an hour which is unexpectedly sacrificed to a friend's or a client's unpunctuality—all such occasions as these, and those still more numerous occasions when a man is doing something purely mechanical, such as putting on or taking off his clothes, are times when he has nothing, or not enough, in the externals which surround him to occupy his mind, and must perforce fall back upon the resources of memory or of imagination. And how many are there, even among cultivated men, to whom at such times the imagination is able to supply anything worth having? What is the worth of the thoughts with which the fancy of an ordinary man of business furnishes him in an hour of sleeplessness or of travel? Let any such man ask himself what passed through his mind the last time he found himself lying awake in the dark. If he is able to remember, he will find that he turned over bits of fifty different things in his mind, but nothing to any purpose. He began a train of thought, but abandoned it as soon as it became complex. He tried to make a calculation, but got confused for want of memoranda. He turned his mind to a literary or scientific topic, but was baffled by lack of a book of reference. As often as he tried to think of something soothing, or something sensible, a worry or a triviality would intrude itself. Things of moment seemed to have no holding power in his mind. Follies clung to it like limpets. Snatches of street tunes, the rapid words of a modern ballad, silly rhymes, slanderous stories—nothing was too trumpery to find a place in his thoughts. And as he chased away each frivolity with its merited contempt it was replaced by another not less contemptible. Fortunate indeed he was if his fancy furnished him with nothing worse than nonsense. But if, during such a time of sleeplessness or travel, instead of having recourse to his imagination, he was able to fall back on the resources of a well-stored and well-trained memory, he would have a very different account to give of the time so passed. Then, instead of being a time frivolously and vexatiously spent, and which he desires to forget, he would be able to look back upon it as a brief space of refined enjoyment, which was all the more delightful because of the contrast which it offered with the other and ordinary occupations of his day. There would be no fear of silly rhymes or street tunes chasing each other through a brain which was able to call up the tale of the lovelorn African queen in Virgil's incomparable verse, or of the forsaken Margaret in the magic music of Goethe. If anything unworthy attempted to establish itself in his thoughts, it was speedily banished by the help of noble verses from Sophocles or Shakespeare. If he was beset by a worry or a foreboding, he called his favourite poet to his aid, and soon passed from suffering to ease and from ease to happiness as the glorious stanzas of Dante or of Spenser rolled through his brain. There is indeed no comparison in point of value between what the imagination of any ordinary man would supply to him at such a time and what he might get from his memory—that wonderful faculty which, as Addison remarked, may always be depended upon to provide us with materials for entertainment when we have nothing at hand to entertain us; and which he quaintly compared to those repositories in several animals which are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

But besides its inestimable value to busy professional men for this purpose of "rumination," learning by heart has a special value to them for purposes of acquirement. Not only is it the only process by which they can retain, digest, and enjoy the literary food which they cropped at school and college, but it serves also as their best guide to fresh woods and pastures new. Few men can have been so well educated that they do not require to learn one or two additional languages after they are grown up. If in their youth they have been good Greek and Latin scholars, the

probability is great that their knowledge of French, German, and Italian is small. And if they have had only what is called a modern or practical education, every day must make them feel how important it is for them to learn Greek. And nothing will be found to help the student who is striving, amid all the cares and impediments of middle life, to teach himself a new language, more than the employment of a few minutes every day in learning something by heart from a good writer in that language. The best advice that could be given, for example, to a man past thirty who was beginning to teach himself German, not merely for conversational purposes, but rather for the sake of its literature, would be to recommend him, as soon as by the effort of a few spare days he had mastered the rudiments of its grammar, to begin at once upon some great work, like the *Faust* of Goethe, and as he went on working out the translation of the text, to learn the text itself by heart. The reason why he should take for his purpose a great work like the first part of *Faust* is that, while it is not too difficult for a grown-up beginner in German, it is so grand a piece of word-building that almost every syllable of it is worth pondering over; and if he learns it by heart as he goes, the beginner will find that he thereby beguiles the tedium of his slow progress in working out the text, and also secures himself against the vexation of losing ground which it has cost him much effort to win. Much can be learnt by meditation in spare moments on the words and phrases of a great writer, which the self-teacher can learn in no other way. And there are opportunities in a busy life for learning by heart which are not available for any other kind of literary study. The very busiest of men will find that he is able, if he only determines to do it, to learn by heart every day something worth remembering. What King Alfred found time to do surely even a modern barrister or physician may find time to do. It only requires a little determination, a little management, a little economy of time, and a little self-denial, to learn a few lines even on the very busiest day of a busy life. The man who will take the trouble to keep a book beside him when he is dressing, or put it in his pocket when he goes out, and who will shorten by five minutes his reading of the evening papers or his gossip, has practically mastered the difficulty.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OXFORD.

ON Tuesday last a new Roman Catholic church of some architectural pretensions was opened at Oxford with an elaborate ceremonial, in which about a hundred priests, secular and regular, took part, and Cardinal Manning preached the sermon. It is reported, incredible as it may sound, that Dr. Newman had been asked to preach, and that his non-appearance caused great disappointment to the outsiders who had come in the hope of hearing him. That those concerned should have had—we were going to say the effrontery—to solicit his presence after all that has occurred is sufficiently marvellous; that he should decline to accept so equivocal a compliment was of course inevitable. For what is the history and meaning of this new church? It is the visible embodiment and memento of the defeat of one of Dr. Newman's most cherished schemes by the Ultramontane faction who at present rule supreme throughout the Roman communion, and nowhere more absolutely than in England. The new church, which is dedicated to St. Aloysius—we shall have a word to say about that presently—"stands at the top of St. Giles's, a few yards to the south of the Oxford Infirmary." It stands, that is, on an excellent site for University purposes—we have a reason for italicizing the word—and for nothing else, very near the spot where Dr. Newman has twice over bought ground for establishing his proposed branch Oratory and Hall, and twice been compelled to sell it again; not, be it remembered, from any opposition on the part of the Oxford authorities, but because his ecclesiastical superiors would not allow him to carry out a plan in which a large number of the Roman Catholic laity had notified their interest by liberal contributions. One reason, and the only one they openly avowed, was their objection to allowing the Roman Catholic youth to attend the University, which they have sedulously discouraged by all means short of prohibiting it under pain of excommunication. The second and unavowed reason was their profound distrust of Dr. Newman; "anything," a well-known Ultramontane ecclesiastic was reported to have said, "is better than the establishment of a false school of Catholic philosophy at Oxford." But it was notorious all along that there was a great division of opinion on this subject in the Roman Catholic, and even in the clerical, body. A considerable number of the gentry had sent an address to Rome, deprecating any interference with their use of the national Universities now first thrown open to them for the education of their sons, and it was more than whispered that the English Jesuits were favourable to their taking advantage of the opportunity. They were overruled for the time, however, and so resolute has Cardinal Manning shown himself in upholding his interdiction, that not long ago, when an Oxford undergraduate became a convert, he insisted on his at once leaving the University, without completing the course and taking his degree, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his father, who published the correspondence on the subject in the *Times*.

What then is the object of this new church at Oxford, if Roman Catholic students are not to be suffered to go, or even to remain, there? It certainly is not wanted for the ordinary purposes of

"the Oxford Mission"; and, although the old chapel in St. Clement's, now superseded, is inconvenient enough for University men, being about a mile from most of the colleges, it is better situated than the new one for the small and scattered congregation belonging to it, and is amply large enough for their wants. No hint can be gathered from the reports of the Cardinal's opening sermon as to the purpose for which the church is designed, but the situation and attendant circumstances admit of only two interpretations. Is it possible that the Jesuits are, after all, to be allowed to try their hand at the work from which Dr. Newman has twice been peremptorily ordered to desist? The position of the building and the dedication to St. Aloysius, the Jesuit novice, who is regarded as the special patron of youth, and especially of studious youth, look like it. And the fact of the Jesuits returning to Oxford is in itself significant. For it is not true, as the *Times* reporter states, that the Oxford Mission has all along been served by them. Till some twenty years ago indeed it was in charge of a solitary Jesuit priest, like many other parochial missions throughout the country; but about that time they began to concentrate their forces in communities, and to abandon these single missions, and the chapel at Oxford was accordingly handed over to the secular priesthood. It is not, we may be sure, for nothing that they have again resumed the charge, not entrusting it, as before, to a single priest, but sending three picked men of the Order to occupy the post. If it is not with a view to attracting Roman Catholic youths to the University, it must be with the aim of proselytizing the Protestant youths who are there already, and thus bringing back to Oxford from without that divine illumination which the Cardinal assured his hearers it had for the last three centuries so entirely lost. How far it is desirable or reasonable, from any point of view, to make Oxford a grand centre of proselytism is another question, especially if the result of conversion is to be immediate retirement from the University. Boys just fresh from Eton or Harrow may be very open to the impressions of Jesuit eloquence, and of such gorgeous displays as that provided for their delectation on Tuesday last, but they are hardly the fittest judges of learned historical and theological controversies which have perplexed some of the keenest intellects of our own and of former ages. No one understands this better than Dr. Newman, and he, we may be sure, would never have used, or abused, the vantage ground of an Oxford pulpit for the purpose of pressing on the immature judgment of youths *in statu pupillari* the desperate alternative of Rationalism or Rome. That may perhaps be one reason why others are preferred to the post which he was not permitted to occupy.

We have said that Cardinal Manning's sermon throws no light on the intended uses of the new church. It seems, indeed, to have been chiefly devoted to an unsparing denunciation of the University to which he formerly belonged, as contrasted with its mediæval condition when it was "an authoritative teacher of God's truth," and with the future glories of the Catholic University now being founded in France under the auspices of the Holy See. That Oxford has been "the nurse of great statesmen and great saints" before, as well as since, the Reformation, we have no intention of denying; but there is a double fallacy lurking in the lament over its degradation "from an authoritative teacher of God's truth to a collection of human schools wrangling over doubtful philosophy, while the open page of Holy Scripture floats like a derelict on the waves of the ocean of strife." As to the last remark, some people might be disposed to think that Holy Scripture is left to "float like a derelict" on the advancing tide of infallibilism. Certain it is that the Bible is very little studied in the present day among Ultramontanes, either by the learned few or by the general body of the faithful. Dr. Döllinger has somewhere observed that in Germany, the native home of sacred criticism, Protestant theology is six times as rich as Catholic in commentaries on Scripture. And there is something almost grotesque in the ignorance of the very letter of Scripture so common among the general run of modern Roman Catholics, clerical as well as lay; they have not even a readable version of it in English. But this by the way; our immediate concern is with the Cardinal's estimate of Oxford, past and present. The mediæval Universities were founded no doubt under Papal sanction, but they were not designed primarily for the promotion of theological teaching; several of them, especially in Italy, had not even a Theological Faculty. And they speedily became the centres of intellectual culture and progress, independently of Papal teaching and not unfrequently in opposition to it. Of none is this so emphatically true as of the great mediæval University to which, far more fitly than to Oxford, the office of "an authoritative teacher of truth" may be attributed. The ancient University of Paris was really looked up to as a high theological as well as intellectual authority; so much so that it was commonly held that a threefold division of labour, so to say, had been assigned to the three leading nations of Europe—to Italy the chief priesthood (*sacerdotium*), to Germany the Empire, to France the leadership of thought (*schola*). But the University of Paris and the old Sorbonne, far from being content to register the edicts of the Papacy, wielded a rival and often antagonistic authority. Nor can Cardinal Manning have forgotten that "the new learning," as it was called, found an early home at Oxford and Cambridge, or that when Rome was concentrating her energies and marshalling her forces for the counter-Reformation campaign of the sixteenth century, her intense distrust of University education found expression in those Tridentine decrees which have shaped the general training of her clergy from that day to this into a form so radically different from that

exhibited in "the ages of faith." The great statesmen and saints of the middle ages, of whom he speaks—St. Edmund, for example, as he might have learnt from the pages of Lingard—were by no means obsequious acolytes of the Vatican. In fact, they led the way in that long contest "against the secular encroachment of the Roman Court" of which his Eminence described the course and the result in language almost as strong as he is now fond of employing on the opposite side, in a sermon preached about thirty years ago in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. "A special providence," as he then considered, "appears to have shielded this Church and realm from falling again under the secular dominion of Rome. Every time it has re-entered it has been cast out again with a more signal expulsion; every time it has seemed to gather strength it has been more utterly confounded. . . . If a series of providential acts may be read in combination, and thereby taken to express the purpose of the Divine Ruler of the world, it would seem to be the will of Heaven that the dominion of the Roman Pontificate may never again be set up in this Church and realm." So spoke Archdeacon Manning in his famous Fifth of November sermon in 1843, and much more might be cited to the same effect. His language was thought at the time unnecessarily vehement by some who still cling to what he calls in his last discourse, with a pity more akin to contempt than love, "a beautiful and splendid ruin." It may serve at least to remind his hearers now that peremptory assertion and unsparing censure offer no guarantee of permanent conviction, still less of certain truth.

One further remark, which may look like a personal one but which has a much wider than any merely personal bearing, is suggested alike by the earlier and the later utterances of the preacher who spoke of old from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and now appears "robed in the full scarlet of a Cardinal, mitre on head, and crozier in hand," before the high altar of St. Aloysius. It has been observed very truly that the Archdeacon Manning of former days was regarded as the peculiar creation of Oxford, bearing the visible impress of the intellectual, social, moral, and religious life of the great University with which he was so closely identified. From that life, indeed, he now sternly proclaims his absolute and uncompromising alienation; he will not, if he can help it, allow a single member of his new communion to imbibe the culture with which his own mind is so deeply saturated. He bids them turn their gaze from the dishonoured ruin, with its memories of a thousand years, whence "the Divine voice no longer speaks," to the nascent Catholic University of France. To their own cost his spiritual subjects may obey his precept rather than emulate his example, but they cannot follow both. It is not easy, even with the most violent efforts, to get out of one's own skin; and in spite of protests, disclaimers, denunciations, and the extremest revulsion of opinion, Cardinal Manning remains in many respects, unconsciously to himself, but evidently to the eye of observers, very much what Oxford and not what Rome has made him, and to the very culture which he has brought himself to repudiate and condemn he owes the secret of his undiminished influence. With the single and partial exception of the late Cardinal Wiseman, no Roman Catholic ecclesiastic of our own day has exercised any perceptible influence on religious thought in England who has not had an English, as distinct from a Roman Catholic, training. It is difficult to conceive such a mind as Dr. Newman's trained anywhere but at Oxford, impossible to conceive it the product of a Jesuit or Jesuitized seminary. He stands, of course, on a solitary eminence; but next to him, the names of Faber and Manning will naturally occur to every one as among the most successful of those who have made the claims of Rome sound plausible or persuasive to the ears of their countrymen. And they too derived, if not their theology—even that they derived in part—their whole mental conformation and character from the complex influences of English public school and University culture, which no superinduced layers of Ultramontane opinion could suppress or conceal. Will the new Ultramontane institutions on which Dr. Manning bids his disciples set their hopes produce any like result? The Louvain University, which is the one typical experiment of the kind in modern times, suggests no very promising augury. Meanwhile the striking lucubrations with which we were lately favoured by two very "authoritative teachers of truth" at St. Leonard's-on-Sea may serve to indicate the upshot of Ultramontane teaching pure and simple, when it is not held in check by any countervailing influence. And on one point even Cardinal Manning may be expected to agree with us—that it is not exactly the sort of teaching likely to convert England.

PRETTY PARVENUES.

IN all ages there are to be found Lords of Burleigh and King Cophtus, men whose love is greater than their prudence or their caste prejudices. We do not now call the people they marry "beggar-maids"; so, not having a polite epithet in our own language, we must borrow one from the French, and speak of them as parvenues. It would need half-a-dozen words to name the different types to be met with in society. They are well worth studying, and will repay minute analysis from the curiously different lines they take. There is the Lady Teazle type, one of the best known; a country maiden married for her simplicity, not bad at heart, but carried away into the open sea of frivolity by the newly-tasted pleasures of a town life, and the hitherto unknown temptation of having money to spend. There is the girl who at

once identifies herself with her husband, and talks of her family tree as if she had one. There is another little nobody, who marries the last heir of an old house with heirlooms from Agincourt. She hates the family portraits, because they reproach her with her own nameless origin. They are sent from the dining-room to the corridors. She takes down the dingy tapestry, and replaces it with watered pink wall-paper. She turns the old pleasance into a ribbon border, and has the yew hedges grubbed up. The ancient bedsteads and oak cabinets are sent to the auction-room, and the rooms furnished with mirrors framed in fern leaves and chairs covered in gaudy cretonnes. The mullioned windows are filled with plate-glass instead of lattices, and French novels occupy the bookshelves where the old calf bindings so long have shown their quiet backs. But we do not like applying the word parvenue, which implies a certain amount of contempt, to one of nature's gentlewomen, however different may be the position she has attained from that which her parents may occupy. Her aristocracy is as real as if her ancestors had come over with the Conqueror, and she will fill her place, be it high or lowly, with a noble and kindly dignity. Her delicately organized constitution will enable her to be polite, for she will be sensitive about giving pain, and will always feel instinctively what is the gracious thing to do. She will treat old age with the respect which is due to it, and be ready to sympathize with the pleasures of childhood. In short, she will have the good manners and nice perceptions which ought to belong to a person of gentle birth and education. But the ordinary parvenue has none of this. She is alternately aggressive and ill at ease. She is almost sure to be over-dressed, and to be always occupied in thinking how she looks. A pretty girl, a labourer's daughter, who had just married a rich farmer, was at a yeomanry ball one very hot evening in summer. She was dressed in a gorgeous blue moiré antique with an immense train. An officer with whom she was dancing condescended with her upon the heat of the weather, but hinted that her dress was scarcely suitable for much violent exertion. To his horror and the amusement of his brother officers she insisted upon entering into the most minute particulars as to what special undergarments she had discarded in order to be able to wear her marriage gown and thus do honour to the occasion. When he took her into supper, instead of eating a hearty meal, as he had anticipated, she could not be induced to have anything but a little champagne. At last she allowed some grapes to be put upon her plate; but, instead of eating them, she sat looking distressed and uncomfortable. Her partner inquired if he could get anything else she would like better; was she faint? should he fan her? But no, she would not have anything, and sat looking miserable. At last a gleam of intelligence shot across her face; she made a long arm, and, seizing a large gravy spoon which she had discovered at the other side of the table, was soon attacking her grapes with complacency and self-satisfaction. No doubt her husband had impressed on her mind certain etiquettes that she was to observe, and had cautioned her before starting and said, "Mind you don't touch anything with your fingers; gentlefolks never do." She presented an admirable picture of a certain type of parvenue about whom it is impossible to guess with any certainty what they will or will not say or do. They will not call a spade a spade when it is necessary, and yet they will talk about the most extraordinary things at the most extraordinary times when it is not the least necessary. They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

A piece of advice often given to a girl when she marries and assumes a position to which she is unaccustomed is analogous to that tendered by the farmer to his wife. Some kind but injudicious friend impresses upon her that *sungfroid* and indifference are the qualities she ought to cultivate; that she must never allow anything to put her out in company, no matter what happens. This advice, acted on by a pretty little parvenue of a naturally cold and selfish nature, is very apt to degenerate into what may very fairly be called insolence. She is obliged, for instance, to dine with people whom she does not like, and whose social position is not sufficiently above her own to command her respect. Under such circumstances she does not appear to advantage, and is sure to make enemies. Arriving too late, and finding every one waiting, she scarcely apologizes, but seems to expect her hostess to be much obliged to her for remembering to come at all. If the gentleman who takes her down to dinner is not a person of sufficient importance for her to wish to make an impression on him, she takes no trouble to respond to the polite attempts he makes at conversation, but leans back in her chair looking inexpressibly bored. She eats her food as if it were nasty, and drinks her wine as if it were medicine. She goes away as early as possible, taking care not to speak to any of the people who she knows were asked to meet her. She makes no attempt to conceal how glad she is that the entertainment is over, and how much better pleased she would have been to have spent the evening elsewhere. When she gives a return dinner her behaviour as hostess is no better than it was as guest. She will invite a large party and not think it in the least necessary to be in the drawing-room when they arrive. Half-an-hour after the time dinner ought to be on the table she will sail into the room, her hair dressed in more than the height of the fashion, her heels taller than those promised to Haydn by Prince Esterhazy. She will not attempt any apology for her late appearance, but say with lofty indifference that she expects dinner to be ready some time. Scarcely shaking hands with the ladies who have honoured her with their presence, and certainly wasting on them no little polite words of welcome, she will go and flirt languidly with some man who has

made himself remarkable in society, and whom she has captured for her party. When at last dinner is announced, she has probably forgotten her husband's directions as to who was to be sent down with whom, so selects for herself the person most likely to amuse her, and pairs off the old gentleman whom she did not fancy to talk to with her schoolgirl sister. The present mode of sending people down to dinner is certainly not all that could be desired. It often prevents those who would enjoy each other's society most from sitting together, and keeps a clever but shy man silent because he has no small talk for a stupid old dowager with whom he is saddled. But if etiquette should change in this particular, it will be in order to make society more agreeable; not merely to save trouble to our insolent little hostess, who, when sitting at the head of her table, might just as well be alone, so little does she seem to remember any one but herself. Unaccustomed to entertain properly, she does not see when things are going wrong, and, if she did, would pretend not to do so, and would not try to remedy them, except by scolding. Her idea of fine manners seems to be to sit still and let people take care of themselves. If she arranged household matters with forethought, and had servants to whom everything could safely be left, this would be all very well. As a rule, however, parvenues make bad housekeepers from ignorance, and bad mistresses from haughtiness. The consequence is that the dinner-party is a failure, unless the host is almost in himself and looks after every one, making up in pretty speeches for his wife's want of attention. Perhaps the dinner is followed by a reception. The hostess is tired, and receives her friends in a majestic manner, evidently wishing them to pass on as people do at a *levée*. She makes no attempt to introduce her guests to each other, or to get them to enjoy themselves. She has done them sufficient honour in allowing them to come and see how she is dressed, and how her rooms are decorated. A lover of pictures gazes longingly at an artist whom he knows by sight, and with whom he would give anything to have a talk. There are pretty girls, and men who have plenty to say. There are clever girls, and shy men who would not object to a little intellectual flirtation. There are spiritualists longing to make each other's acquaintance, and discuss the results of the last startling *séance*. There are materials for a pleasant social party, but the hostess, whose father would probably have slapped his guests on the back, told questionable stories, and tried to make his friends happy, sits on the stairs and flirts behind her fan. She says she has a headache, and no wonder, for she has not taken the pains to ventilate her rooms, and there is not the excitement of trying to make her party go off well to keep her up. Her indifference is a flaming sword which turns every way, and which allows no genial, kindly spirit to spread amongst her uncared-for guests. She only cultivates people likely to advance her in society, and never hesitates to kick away the ladder by which she has risen. Apparently she would do the same by her husband if she thought it expedient.

Much to be preferred is the party given by the good-natured young parvenue who values her position most for the power it gives her of being hospitable and generous. Some young man may sneer and suggest that she should keep an extra housemaid to sweep up her h's, but she understands the meaning of the word *Salve*, and it is to be seen in her eyes as well as on the door-mat. She may too often mention her husband's vineries, but the bunches of grapes that grow there find their way to the poor and the sick. She may have a secret pleasure in seeing her name figure amongst peeresses on charity committees, but she does not forget her own poor relations. Her friends at twenty are her friends at fifty, and she does not attempt to conceal who her parents were. Her voice may be loud, but it says kindly things. She may dress in sky-blue and scarlet, but she would give away her cloak to any one in need of it. Of course there are ill-conditioned people who will go to her house and laugh at her, but she can afford to bear them, for her popularity is unassailable amongst those who know her well. She perhaps talks a little too much about "My carriages, and my horses," but we forgive her, for she is always ready to take any old fright she knows out for a drive, or to send somebody's children to the pantomime. Her manner may be a little coarse, but it is better than selfish indifference; her beauty may be of a vulgar order, but she is neither painted nor whitened, nor yet is her hair dyed golden. She is more agreeable than the mincing parvenue who tries to hide her provincial accent by screwing up her mouth, and her ignorance by going into raptures about art, who hops up and down upon her toes, and faints at the sight of an earwig.

SOUTH KENSINGTON IN EXTREMIS.

THE deplorable condition into which the various institutions at South Kensington which derive their origin from the Great Exhibition of 1851 have fallen, renders it desirable that the precise position of these abortive speculations should be distinctly understood. It is now several years since the Royal Commissioners of 1851 have published any statement of their affairs, and it is due to the public that it should be told how the account stands. The Horticultural Society has avowed itself practically insolvent; the Directors of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences are understood to be at present hatching a plot to compel the purchasers of boxes and stalls to pay a second time for privileges which hitherto have been little better than a mockery; and the International Exhibitions have sunk into an auction-room for foreign daubs. It is impossible to imagine

a more impressive commentary on the artifices and pretensions with which these enterprises were originally started than the melancholy state of decay and discredit into which they have rapidly declined. Whenever the history of the great South Kensington Scheme is written it will be found to be a curious and highly instructive narrative. It will be remembered that the first Great Exhibition left an unfortunate legacy in the shape of a surplus of some 187,000*l.*, which was placed in the hands of Royal Commissioners to be applied to the encouragement of science and art. There was then a good deal of innocent enthusiasm about the arts of peace, and a little knot of adepts in puffery and jobbing saw an excellent opportunity of turning the spirit of the time to their own account. They thoroughly understood the secret springs of British snobism, and how to play with great names and sentimental loyalty for their own purposes, and they also appreciated the advantage of working under the cover of a patronage that dazzled the outside world. The project was accordingly conceived of converting the gravel-pits of Brompton into a new and magnificent suburb, where all the arts and graces, all the muses and sciences, should disport together under courtly protection. It was expected that all these attractions would at once make it the most aristocratic quarter of the town, and that the command of large sums of money might be obtained by judicious house-building speculations. It is a familiar device with aspirants for fashionable distinction to drop the familiar family name and try the effect of a more distinguished appellation, and, just as Smith becomes Montmorency, so Brompton rose into South Kensington. In pursuance of this project the Royal Commissioners were readily persuaded to invest their money in the purchase of an estate at South Kensington, part of which was sold as building ground and part leased to the Horticultural Society. The Commissioners also agreed to spend 50,000*l.* on ground works, arcades, &c., on condition that the Horticultural Society should expend an equal sum in laying out a garden, and they further entangled themselves with the International Exhibitions of 1862 and successive years. In short they so managed their property that in the course of some five or six years the estate was overwhelmed with responsibilities, and deeply mortgaged. How matters stand now we cannot pretend to say, but it is scarcely probable that they have been much mended, especially as the Horticultural Society is at the end of its funds, and in debt to the Commissioners, and that the various International Exhibitions have been pecuniarily failures.

In a Circular which has just been issued, and which is signed by Lord Aberdare, "the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society have the pleasure of announcing to the Fellows that they have succeeded in making arrangements with Her Majesty's Commissioners of 1851, whereby the Gardens are granted to them virtually rent free, but only upon the performance of one important condition—namely, that the annual income from subscriptions shall be raised to 10,000*l.*" This may perhaps be a very liberal arrangement on the part of the Royal Commissioners; but it becomes an important question whether this transaction, which involves a gift of public money, is for the advantage of, or just to the public. Why, it may be asked, should the Horticultural Society, more than any other speculative body, be supported out of the public funds? The Council proclaim in their Circular that, should their appeal be unsuccessful, "the failure would be most disastrous to the interests of horticultural science; the project so warmly supported by the late Prince Consort, so hopefully accepted by the public, of bringing home to greater numbers than heretofore the means of studying horticulture, would in that case be abandoned, and it would be for Her Majesty's Commissioners of 1851 to decide to what new and more profitable use the twenty-two acres now occupied by the South Kensington Horticultural Gardens should be applied." We cannot say that such a result appears to us by any means so "calamitous" as the Council suppose. It would not be very difficult to find a new and profitable use for the funds of the Commissioners, and it would certainly be quite impossible to find one more absurd, worthless, and unprofitable than keeping up the Horticultural Gardens. The pretence of promoting either the art or science of horticulture is of course notoriously a pure sham. The Gardens have never been anything more than a fashionable lounge, where people go to gossip, flirt, eat ices, and listen to the music of a military band on fine afternoons. These amusements may be innocent enough in their way, but it is an obvious imposture to call them art and science. The flower-shows at South Kensington are much inferior to the flower-shows at the Crystal Palace and other places which do not receive a subsidy from the public, but depend on their own resources, and yet honestly pay, which the Horticultural Society does not, the prizes they offer. As for the gardens themselves, with their shabby little ditches, grubby parterres, mouldy arcades, and stunted, sooty shrubs, called in mockery evergreens, nothing can be more contemptible from the point of view either of art or science. As for science, indeed, there is scarcely even a pretence of doing anything for it. The scientific interests of horticulture have been systematically sacrificed to the object of getting money by making the place a mere pleasure-ground. At one time there were, we believe, serious thoughts of croquet and bowls, and now there is talk of a skating-rink. There is no reason why voluntary public support should not be sought for such recreations, but it is undoubtedly a scandal that public money should be appropriated to assist a private speculation on a pretext so glaringly false and empty. The Horticultural Society has chosen to waste its funds on all sorts of jobbing and mismanagement wholly unconnected with horticulture, and it is to be hoped that the abuse will now be checked by the simple plan of stopping the misapplied allowance.

Another of the projects favoured by the Royal Commissioners of 1851 is the Albert Hall, which was designed to be "commensurate to the wants of the country," and to provide accommodation for "international congresses of science and art, musical performances, distributions of prizes, scientific and artistic conversaziones, agricultural and horticultural exhibitions, industrial ditto, exhibitions of pictures, or any other purpose connected with science and art." It was, in short, intended to be the central point of a concentration of museums and institutes. Funds were raised for this purpose on the limited liability principle, by the sale of boxes and stalls; and a sort of collecting card, issued under the highest auspices, was sent round, to be filled up by persons aspiring to distinction in high life or to favours at Court. So far, of course, all was fair enough, except perhaps the perverted use of an important influence which might well be reserved for higher objects. Those who chose to give their money were entitled to please themselves, and if they have failed to get a satisfactory return they have only themselves to blame. But this was not all. We find that here again the Commissioners of 1851 granted "a site for the Hall for a term of 999 years, at a nominal rent, which represents a contribution of 60,000*l.*" Moreover, they guaranteed 50,000*l.* out of the 200,000*l.* required for the estimated cost of the building; in other words, an ordinary stock-jobbing Company was subsidized by a gift of what was practically public money, under pretences which have certainly not been fulfilled. No one can say that the sort of performances which are given in the Albert Hall have done anything for science or art beyond what is done at any respectably conducted music-hall. There is, moreover, another aspect of the matter which must not be overlooked. The Albert Hall not only has a grant of public money, but it enjoys whatever importance and distinction may be obtained from being identified with eminent persons. It has not only had the patronage of Royalty, but it has been presented to the public under the auspices of all sorts of State notables. There is a Council of great folk, who are supposed to manage it, and all sorts of public men are mixed up with the job, either as Commissioners of 1851, or as Trustees, or Commissioners of something or other connected with South Kensington. It is obvious that the competition of such an establishment with ordinary speculations of the kind is unfair, inasmuch as it has both a public grant and the use of influential names. If it could be said that the performances at the Albert Hall were calculated to raise the public taste in an exceptional way, a plausible justification might perhaps be afforded for such favours. But, in point of fact, this is notoriously not the case. The Albert Hall concerts are of a popular rather than of a high art kind, and are devised simply as a means of attracting as many shillings and half-crowns as possible. The spirit in which the set connected with the Albert Hall are cultivating the interests of art may be judged of from the insidious attempt which is now being made by the same people to supplant the Academy of Music, which has struggled so hard, and on the whole successfully, for the promotion of musical education, in order to provide another opening for the interested and unscrupulous clique who batten upon Brompton.

It is necessary to bear these circumstances in mind in order to understand the extraordinary announcement which has just appeared, that an application will next Session be made to Parliament for an Act "to make better provision for the maintenance of the Royal Albert Hall, and for that purpose to charge the members or holders of seats in the Hall with the payment of an annual sum in respect of each seat held by them, and to make provision for enforcing payment of such annual sums." This is certainly a very singular proposal. The persons who have subscribed for seats or boxes were led to believe that they would thereby acquire a permanent right to this accommodation, and it must be admitted that down to the present time they have received very little for their money. It should be observed that these seat-holders are not in any sense shareholders, and that their subscriptions are not a commercial investment. There is a separate body of proprietors among whom the profits, if there were any, would be divided, and upon whom, therefore, any losses ought to fall. The stall and box-holders at the Albert Hall are in fact in precisely the same position as persons who have purchased similar rights at the opera, and it is easy to conceive how a proposal would be received from Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson that box-renters should pay over again in order to relieve the financial embarrassments of the management. It is obvious that the managers of the Albert Hall have at present no legal right to impose this additional charge; otherwise there would of course be no need for an Act of Parliament to give them the necessary powers. It is impossible to conceive a greater outrage than this on the most elementary principles of honest dealing or to suppose that Parliament will for a moment countenance such a proposal. It is worth notice, however, as an example of the impudent persistence and audacity with which this series of jobs has been carried on. It is surely time that such hollow and artificial institutions should be left to their own resources, and that men of high official position should cease to be discredited by any association with such disreputable proceedings. If the Albert Hall does not attract paying audiences it had better be pulled down, and an important thoroughfare relieved from an eyesore which also detracts seriously from the effect of the Albert Memorial, both by what it is in itself, and by what it suggests as to the uses to which a noble memory has been put.

CLUB LAW.

AT the time of the general election in 1865 a correspondence took place between a member of the Conservative Club and the Secretary respecting a pledge which it was alleged that the member had given to vote for certain Liberal candidates at that election. The result was that the Committee convened a general meeting to consider this correspondence and whether the member's name should be removed from the Club. The rules of the Club made no reference to the political opinions of its members, except so far as they were implied by the name. The 29th rule provided that it was the duty of the Committee, "in case any circumstance should occur likely to endanger the welfare and good order of the Club," to call a general meeting, and, on a vote by two-thirds of the persons present that the name of any member should be removed, he should cease to belong to the Club. The meeting was held, and the Chairman referred to certain votes given by this member for Liberal candidates, and the correspondence was read, after which the member addressed the meeting, and expressed the wish that one of his letters to which exception had been taken was unwritten, and repudiated the right of the meeting to remove him. A resolution that he should cease to be a member of the Club was carried by 191 votes to twenty-one. Hereupon he filed a Bill in Chancery against the Committee, asking a declaration by the Court that, so long as he should conform to the rules of the Club, he was entitled to enjoy its benefits, and also asking an injunction against removal. He submitted that he had not been guilty of any conduct endangering the welfare and good order of the Club, that the meeting was unauthorized, and that the real issue put to the meeting was as to the votes he had given, which it was not competent to the meeting to consider. The defendants by their answer submitted that the meeting was properly convened, that the proceedings were not dictated by personal or political pique, and that the plaintiff was not entitled to the relief prayed.

The late Master of the Rolls, Lord Romilly, in giving judgment in the case, said that clubs are very peculiar institutions. They are societies of gentlemen who meet principally for social purposes, superadded to which there are often other purposes, sometimes of a literary nature, sometimes to promote political objects, as in the Conservative or the Reform Club. But the principal objects for which they are designed are social, the others are only secondary. It is therefore necessary that there should be a good understanding between all the members, and that nothing should occur likely to disturb the good feeling that ought to exist among them. It follows that a club is a partnership of a perfectly different kind from any other. In order to secure the principal object of the club, the members generally enter into a written contract in the form of rules, as was done in the case before the Court. Was there, then, any appeal from the decision of the general meeting in the present case? Every member had contracted to abide by that rule which gives an absolute discretion to two-thirds of the members present to expel any member. This discretion must not be capricious or arbitrary. But if the decision had been arrived at *bond fide*, without any caprice or improper motive, then it was a judicial opinion from which there was no appeal. None but the members of the Club could know the little details which are essential to the social well-being of such a society of gentlemen, and it must be a very strong case that would induce the Court to interfere. Lord Romilly thought that the meeting was fairly called, and the question fairly submitted, and the decision adopted *bond fide*, and not through caprice; and therefore that decision was final, and the bill must be dismissed with costs.

The principle on which Courts of Equity proceed in such cases may be shown by the case of the minister of a Baptist chapel who attempted to keep possession of it, alleging that he had been improperly dismissed. The deed of settlement of the chapel provided that every minister should be liable to be forthwith removed by the decision of the church made at one meeting, and confirmed at a second meeting called by a notice which should expressly state the object of such meeting. It appeared that a meeting was called, the notice expressing that it was for the purpose of bringing charges against the minister and considering his dismissal. The minister did not attend the meeting, and it did not appear that evidence was produced in support of any charges; but the meeting passed a resolution that, in consequence of the minister having done certain specified things, he was not a fit and proper person for the office, and that his office should cease. A second meeting was called, the notice expressing that it was to be for the purpose of confirming the resolution passed at the former meeting. This was accordingly done, and the minister disputing the legality of the proceedings, disturbances took place, and a Bill was filed in Chancery by the trustees of the chapel to restrain the minister from taking possession of or acting in the chapel. This Bill was dismissed with costs by the present Lord Justice James as Vice-Chancellor, and his decree was affirmed on appeal by Lord Hatherley as Chancellor. "If," said Lord Hatherley, "this had been a case in which the power of dismissal was not simply and entirely arbitrary, no question could have arisen, because the course taken here was utterly inconsistent with any notion of justice or propriety. They first invite people to bring charges without saying what they are, and they then state in this vague fashion that the charges are established, when the person supposed to be criminated has not heard what any one of the charges is." He could not hold that a discretion had been exercised by a meeting which, on charges mentioned for the first

time, the person charged not being present, comes to a vague general finding that he has been guilty of "falsehood and drunkenness." Although the meeting added "unfitness," it did not appear that they had arrived at a sound judgment on the subject, or had exercised any discretion at all at this strange and wholly irregular meeting. They had acted very oppressively, and in a manner which ought not to be sanctioned or assisted by the Court. It does not follow from this decision that the Court would have assisted the minister against dismissal under a power "simply and entirely arbitrary." The Court was asked to assist the trustees against the minister, and refused to do so. Both judges held, however, that the second meeting was invalid in point of law for want of proper notice, and it was on this ground that the Vice-Chancellor dismissed the Bill.

In the case of Rugby School this case of the Baptist Chapel and many other cases were cited, and Vice-Chancellor Malins stated the result of the authorities to be, "that all arbitrary powers, such as the power of dismissal, by exercising their pleasure, which is given to this Governing Body, may be exercised without assigning any reason, provided they are fairly and honestly exercised, which they will always be presumed to have been until the contrary is shown, and the burden of showing the contrary lies upon those who object to the manner in which the power has been exercised. No reasons need be given, but, if they are given, the Court will look into their sufficiency." We venture to say that this is a correct exposition of the law. The Vice-Chancellor giving judgment repeated the regret which he expressed more than once in the course of the argument that the case should have to be decided on demurrer, because he could not help thinking that many of the statements of the bill might have been materially qualified if the evidence of both parties had been given. It may be convenient to remark here that the Bill was filed by Dr. Hayman against the Governing Body of Rugby School and the Bishop of Exeter, and notice of motion for injunction against removing the plaintiff from the Headmastership was given in the usual way and supported by affidavits. If the defendants had not demurred, this motion would have come on immediately, and on the hearing of it affidavits must have been read on both sides, and both plaintiff and defendants might have been cross-examined on them. But it would still have been open for the defendants' counsel to use all the arguments which they used upon the demurrer. The general rule is that "if a demurrer would hold to a Bill, the Court, although the defendant answers, will not grant relief on the hearing." And there was nothing in this case to make that rule inapplicable. The proceeding by demurrer had, however, as the Vice-Chancellor said, "the advantage relied on by defendants' counsel, of preventing a painful conflict of evidence." After discussing the statements and allegations of the Bill Sir R. Malins said, "The Governing Body is entitled to act on its own opinions uncontrolled by this Court, if those opinions are fairly and honestly entertained, and I am unable judicially to come to the conclusion that they were not." The Bill, therefore, did not show a case for the interference of the Court, and he allowed the demurrer, but without costs.

In the recent case of the Junior Naval and Military Club, the cases of the Conservative Club and of Rugby School were chiefly relied on by the defendants; and the other case which we have cited would be useful for the plaintiff's argument, because the power of a club to expel a member could hardly be larger than that of a church of Particular Baptists to remove a minister. One of the rules of the Junior Naval and Military Club provides that if, in the opinion of the Committee or twenty members who shall certify the same in writing, the conduct of a member is injurious to the character and interests of the Club, the Committee, by a majority of two-thirds present at a meeting summoned for that purpose, may recommend such member to retire or expel him. A rule was afterwards adopted that the Committee might call a general meeting upon a requisition signed by fifty members. Captain Speed, a member of the Club, circulated a requisition for a special meeting with specified "objects." The Club is proprietary, and one of Captain Speed's "objects" was to define the relations between the members and the proprietor. This and the other "objects" appear reasonable, and the requisition was signed by sixty-three members, and forwarded to the Committee. They, however, resolved not to summon a special meeting, and gave notice that, as the general meeting was near at hand, and the propositions were not urgent, the special meeting would not be called. The Committee called on Captain Speed to resign; and, on his failing to do so, expelled him. The Honourable Spencer Lyttelton, one of the members who had signed the requisition, then took up the matter. He wrote a letter to the Committee asking for explanations, and commenting pretty strongly on their proceedings and arrangements. Further correspondence ensued; he complained of discourtesy; they required him to withdraw a letter, or they would submit the matter to the general meeting; and he replied that he would himself take the opinion of the meeting. The Committee hereupon passed a resolution stating that they would be wanting in their duty if they failed to mark their sense of conduct tending to weaken their authority and injure the Club, and they expelled Mr. Lyttelton. He instituted proceedings in Equity against the Committee, and grounded his claim to relief on the allegations that the Committee had acted capriciously, and that he had no opportunity of bringing his case before the whole Club. The defendants, on the other hand, contended that they had acted in the *bona fide* exercise of their discretion for the benefit of the Club, and also that, as there was no trust property vested in them, the Court could in no case have

jurisdiction over them. It does not appear that either side entered into evidence beyond the correspondence and resolutions, but, as the case came on for hearing in the usual way, either side might have done so. It seems difficult under these circumstances to come to any other conclusion than that which Vice-Chancellor Bacon adopted. We may perhaps think that the Committee's sense of "duty" was unnaturally acute. The whole matter, from the circulation of Captain Speed's requisition to the expulsion of Mr. Lyttelton, was transacted between the 11th of February and the 24th of April last, and this promptitude of the Committee contrasts oddly with their view of the want of urgency in Captain Speed's proposals. We may think, further, that they would have done well to refer the question of expelling Mr. Lyttelton to a general meeting of the Club. In the case of the Conservative Club the expulsion was at a general meeting, and this would appear preferable to delegating so large a power to a Committee. Still Mr. Lyttelton entered the Club knowing its rules, and the question, as Sir James Bacon said, was one of contract. It is clear that, to use an expression which has been much heard of late, the Committee and Mr. Lyttelton "did not get on well together," and the Committee's view was that, this being so, the weaker party—namely, Mr. Lyttelton—must go. It is not however absolutely certain that the presence in a club of a few members with whom the Committee do not get on well may not make the club get on better. All this, however, has little bearing on the question before the Court, and indeed the Vice-Chancellor's decision might be inferred from the cases we have cited. "I cannot," he said, "take the plaintiff's assertion that, in his belief, or in his suspicion—for that is what it comes to—the Committee acted capriciously." He also considered it doubtful whether, even if the plaintiff had proved his case, the Court could interfere, as the Committee are not trustees of any property for the members. But it was not necessary to decide that question. He based his decision on the ground of "contract," and so he safely might; but unfortunately he added, or is reported to have added, that "the Committee, in the honest exercise of delegated power, have been provoked to expel the plaintiff." This would almost imply a want of that "discretion" which all the authorities say must be exercised in these cases. "Discretio est discernere per legem quid sit justum," is a text that often occurs in our law-books. It implies at least the absence of passion and prejudice, and the behaviour of Captain Lyttelton to the Committee was likely to excite both. However, the bill was dismissed with costs.

AN INDIAN IRREGULAR CORPS.

CONSIDERING their history, their high rank among the aboriginal races, and evil repute, the Purriar Meenas are perhaps the most striking example of an Indian tribe reclaimed under British officers. Chief among the twelve Meena tribes, they were lords of Marwar and Jeypore; whence, after a long and fierce struggle, they were expelled by the Rajpoot invaders about the end of the fourteenth century. Retreating to what is now known as the Meena Kherar—the wild hill country wedged in between Boondie, Meywar, Jeypore, and Ajmere—the Purriars made incessant raids on their conquerors in the plains, and became the most skilful and daring race of hereditary dacoits, or robbers, in Northern India. From their hill-fastnesses they defied for four hundred years every effort to kill or cure them. Once only did they succumb to brute force—shortly after 1806, when the Meena districts of Oodeypore were annexed to the Rajpoot State of Kotah, then under the iron rule of Chief Minister Zalim Singh. For thirteen years raids were as uncommon in the Meena districts as in Hyde Park. "A gold bangle dropped from a woman's ankle might lie untouched till covered by the drift sand." For, without waste of words, the Kotah troops were marched to every village whither a dacoity could be traced; the men were ruthlessly put to the sword; and their heads heaped into baskets, which the women were compelled to carry on their own heads in procession through the neighbouring villages, singing their tribal songs. Lieutenant-Colonel Showers, who in 1855 was commissioned to pacify the Meena districts in Oodeypore, was acquainted with old natives who had witnessed these grim processions. Until about that date the Purriars might be regarded as a sort of robber *Verein* numbering at least ten thousand fighting men, ready to repay with compound interest a punishment inflicted on any of its members, and with which even a prominent Rajpoot State like Jeypore declined to come to blows. The raiders reached the height of their audacity when, in 1854, they plundered the British territory of Ajmere, and held many of its inhabitants to ransom.

The Meena's reckless bravery was based to a great extent on his pride of race. His generally handsome, tall, and athletic person proved him a nobler savage than his low-caste cousin, the Meena of the Aravallis, with whom he would no more dream of eating, drinking, or smoking than a Brahmin would with a *mekher*, or scavenger. He was as proud of his descent as any "lunar" or "solar" Rajpoot. If the Rajpoot boasted his origin from the arms of Brahma, the Purriar genealogist celebrated the divine birth of his tribe on the summit of the sacred Mount Aboo. Certain privileges restricted to the Meenas in the Jeypore State were survivals of their former power in the land. Once upon a time the installation of each new Maharajah was considered incomplete until, with his own blood, a Meena retainer drew the *tika* mark of sovereignty on the prince's forehead. To the present day Meenas

are in charge of the Jeypore archives and treasures; and the legend still survives that in Amber, the ancient and deserted capital of Jeypore, a band of Meenas keeps watch and ward over a hoard or treasure destined for the relief of the State in some time of trouble. Such was the tribe which even Sir William Sleeman, suppressor of the Thug confederacy, pronounced irreclaimable; and such the raw material whence, for the most part, has been fashioned a body of troops which inspecting generals have described as illustrating the Indian Irregular system at its best, and which affords the only instance of native Indians trained into skilful tank-diggers, gardeners, carpenters, builders, and artists, as well as loyal and smart sepoy.

Before 1857 the formation of a Meena corps had several times been urged on the Government; but the mutiny of the Kotah Contingent decided the experiment, the execution of which was entrusted to Captain, now Major-General, Macdonald. Speedily there came dropping in the first raw recruits of the corps first known as the Meena Battalion, subsequently as the Deolee Irregular Force, and more familiarly as "Macdonald's Meenas." Like the first recruits of Outram's Bheel Corps, raised in 1831, the Meenas were half-naked barbarians armed with spears, matchlocks, and bows and arrows. Their notions of military service were at first somewhat embarrassing. They insisted on payment for so much drill-labour per diem, and permission to throw up soldiering when the fancy seized them. Their maxim was a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. Soldiers were not to be trained on such ultra-commercial principles; but, being wanted, the Meenas had to be humoured. Again, many of the tribesmen were deterred from presenting themselves, while some of the new levies deserted in a body, under an apprehension that the Government was only laying a trap for securing those amongst them who had made themselves conspicuous for their crimes. It cost a good deal of time and trouble to convince them there was no intention whatever of inquiring into their antecedents, but that, on the contrary, the heavier their load of sins the more readily would they be welcomed to the ranks of the new battalion. Meanwhile, under the eye of a Power, if infinitely more gentle, yet also infinitely more powerful and vigilant than one whose only method of reclamation was to cut off heads by the basketful, each village along the Kherar was forced to muster at roll-call every morning and evening; and as the raider's profession thus grew more hazardous, the more restless spirits among the Purriars began to feel all the more attracted to a military career. Half the Commandant's success in training them arose from his judicious way of letting them alone. They were repelled neither by irksome punishments nor enforced precision in small details; but looting and lying were to be visited with merciless severity. Not to destroy, but to transmute, his feeling of clanship—to imbue him with that pride in his regiment which once he felt in his divinely-sprung robber-clan—every care was taken to flatter his personal vanities, as well as to appeal to that spirit of rude chivalry for which, in spite of all his ferocity, the Meena was distinguished. He was gaily uniformed like a French Zouave, only that his head-dress consisted of a Glengarry cap. To gratify that taste for shrill music which the Purriars possess in common with all Highlanders from Lochaber to Peshawur, the big war-pipe of the Scotch clans was introduced; and in process of time the station of Deolee became vocal with "Gillie Callum" and the "Pibroch o' Donuill Dhu"; and the Deolee Irregulars marched to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming," or "Hey! Johnny Cope," played by about half-a-dozen sepoy pipers, who over their Zouave uniforms wore a flowing plaid of their Commandant's clan tartan. In fact, the battalion became a new kind of Meena clan, with its Commandant for chief and patriarch. What stronger proof could be offered of their devotion to their head than their grave assurance, once upon a time made to an eloquent missionary, that they would gladly consent to conversion there and then provided the Colonel Sahib passed the order! The fidelity of the new battalion was soon and satisfactorily tested in a march against a band of Meena raiders, their own clansmen, whom they drove into a jungle at some distance from Deolee, where, after a struggle, they killed or captured most of them.

Savage Mhairs and Bheels have been turned into smart sepoy by such men as Outram, Sleeman, and Hunter; but for the last nine or ten years the Deolee Irregulars have been the only skilled workmen in the Indian army. Not, of course, that they enlisted as such; there are only one or two professional artisans in the force. Their appearance in this new character was due neither to compulsion nor love of gain, but to *esprit de corps*. Having in 1865 been unexpectedly granted good-conduct pay, they signified their appreciation of the compliment by constructing the "Nek Chal" embankment for the use and adornment of the cantonment. The artificial lake within the "Nek Chal" works covers an area of about forty-two acres, and on a little island in its midst the sepoy built a Hindoo temple. Bathing-ghats and sheds, guard-rooms and hospital out-offices, were among their subsequent works. The last was constructed at contract rates for the Public Works Department, the proceeds going, as in the case of all paid work, to the general clothing fund of the force. They neatly arranged the Christian cemetery which used to be described as a disgrace to the Christian community of Deolee. Omitting a number of minor works, we may specially mention the orderly room of the force, and the new church, a lithographed sketch of which appeared in a number of the *Gazette of India*. The former tastefully-built structure consists of front and rear walls pierced with arched doors and windows, and, at the sides, of columns

whose intervening spaces are filled with stone trellis-work. The panels of the pale-blue ceiling are enclosed in narrow gold beading, and on the walls are various heraldic devices. The walls of the newly built church are surmounted with a battlemented parapet in Early English style, and the buttresses, with facials, are in keeping with the parapet. The eight windows in the body of the building, and the three in the chancel, are each constructed of an entire slab of slate cut into tasteful patterns, a thin gauze covering excluding the dust. Within, the interplay between the dark stone-tracery of the windows and the brilliant Indian light produces a most pleasing impression. No outsider had any share whatever in the execution of these works. In the words of the Government Report, "not a sod has been thrown up, or stone cut or laid, or bit of wood squared, or nail forged, that has not been the work of one or other of these men." The chief sepoy architect answers to the name of Christopher Wren. Another ex-savage of scientific tastes is known as Isaac Newton. It sounds odd to hear a sepoy bagpiper addressed as Roderick Dhu, and another—the best musician in the force—as Fassifern, so named after the gallant Highland colonel who fell at Waterloo. Walter Scott's Dugald Crater has also his namesake in the battalion; as also John Brown, Her Majesty's Highland retainer.

The history of this admirable little force—which consists of about a thousand men, cavalry and infantry—suggests various reflections on the native army generally. Want of sympathy between the sepoy and their officers is at present one of the stock complaints of Indian military critics; and thus it must continue to be so long as service in native regiments is usually regarded merely as a stepping-stone to civil employment, and, as a consequence, the regiments themselves remain under-officered. Our Deolee Irregulars would never perhaps have felt any pride in their corps if their colonel and officers had not for so many years entered thoroughly into the ways and feelings of their men—cast in their lot with them, for better or for worse. Again, it might be suggested that an effort should be made for the absorption of the so-called aboriginal tribes into the army on a larger scale than obtains at present. Irregular troops might also perhaps be organized on a scale more extensive than their present local one. Indeed, during his tenure of office as Agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana, Sir Lewis Pelly expressed himself strongly in favour of uniting the four local corps—namely, the Deolee Irregulars, the Meywar Bheel Corps, the Mhairwarra battalion, and the Erinpoora force—into a single provincial brigade. Lastly, it is worth considering whether skilled workmanship might not be encouraged in native regiments of the Line. As a matter of fact, Inspecting Generals have for the past few years been urging the Government to try the experiment. One of Sir Lewis Pelly's own predecessors—Colonel Eden—was a strong advocate for "utilizing the vast resources which we possess in our native army for the construction of works of a military or civil nature." Of course the main business of a soldier is to be a soldier, and not a tank-digger or an architect; but the craftsmanship of the force which we have been describing has never interfered with its military efficiency. Ever since the first examination of the force in 1863, Inspecting Generals have uniformly testified that the Deolee sepoy illustrates the Irregular system at its best; and that in respect of drill, discipline, and precision in field movements of all sorts, they are equal to any native regiment of the line. In his official Report upon the subject the late Commandant of the force suggested, as a tentative measure, the formation of a working company in each of a selected number of native regiments.

REVIEWS.

HOOK'S LIVES OF LAUD AND JUXON.*

WE have to notice this volume, the last that we can have from the hand of its author, while the ink is still hardly dry on the articles in which both ourselves and others have chronicled and commented on his removal from us. We need not therefore again go at length into any estimate of one who, able and energetic as he was, was before all things pre-eminently good. It is perhaps impossible to speak of a book which comes before us at such a moment exactly as if its writer were either living or long ago dead; we cannot quite shut out from our memory the fact that we are, as it were, hearing the last words of one who has been our companion for many years. Still, whether a writer is living or dead, whether he be lately dead or long ago dead, really makes no difference to the matter of his work. It is right, as far as possible, to speak of the book as we should have spoken of it at the beginning of the year. The circumstances under which it was written, the fact that it is the work of one who continued with a stout heart, but with failing powers, the work which he had begun when in his full strength, may fairly be taken into account. But the mere fact of the writer's death almost at the moment of publication cannot of itself make the book either better or worse than its abstract merits make it.

Looking then as calmly as we can at the volume before us, we may fairly say that the hope which we threw out in our notice of the tenth volume has been at least partly fulfilled. We could not honestly avoid pointing out that the Lives contained in that volume,

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Vol. XI. Reformation Period. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875.

those of Grindal, Whitgift, Bancroft, and Abbot, were slightly and unsatisfactorily done. But we hoped that this was a sign that Dr. Hook had hurried them over with the purpose of gathering his remaining strength to deal with the more important life of Laud. And so it clearly has been. In his *Life of Laud*—the *Life of Juxon*, which is added to it, cannot count for more than an appendix—we do not say that Dr. Hook comes back to his full power; we cannot put it on a level with the volume next but one before it, that which contains the *Life of Parker*; but we can distinctly say that it is an improvement on the volume which went immediately before it. The subject, we suspect, was more congenial to the writer, as it doubtless is of far greater historical importance, than the *Lives* of any of the Archbishops between Parker and Laud. And one thing is certain, that no volume of Dr. Hook's series is more thoroughly characteristic of the writer than this the last of them. Nowhere does all that is strong and that is weak in him come out more constantly on the surface. Yet it must have been a difficult *Life* for Dr. Hook to write. From one side of him Laud would be almost Dr. Hook's ideal Archbishop. The purely ecclesiastical position of the biographer and of the subject of his biography are as nearly as possible the same. Laud represents that strict Anglican theory of which Dr. Hook was through life the consistent champion against enemies on both sides. To call Laud Popish is as ridiculous as to call Dr. Hook Popish. The theory which was common to both of them contains much that grates upon popular Protestant feelings, but there is no theory that cuts more directly in the teeth of the claims of the Roman Bishop. It is as ridiculous as the mistake which we take to be the very climax of theological ignorance, that of calling the Scottish Liturgy, either that of Laud's day or the later one, Popish. Nothing is more common than to hear that Liturgy called Popish; yet in truth it is the exact opposite of Popish. It cleaves to the practice of the Eastern Churches on points where Romans, Anglicans, Lutherans, and Calvinists are united against the Orthodox, the Armenian, and the Nestorian. Again, it is nonsense to speak either of Laud then or of Dr. Hook now as people who, as the last new phrase goes, knew when to stop. As far as a Romeward journey is concerned, there was no stopping in the matter; neither of them ever set out on a Romeward path. If there be any exception to the rule that all roads lead to Rome, an exception may be made in favour of that road which leads to the doctrine which of all others is most truly anti-Roman, the perfect independence of national Kings and national Bishops. The doctrine may be attacked on a hundred other grounds; it cannot be attacked on this. It can be called Roman only in a sense which people who so call it certainly do not mean. The Laudian and Caroline theory of Church and State belongs to the New Rome, not to the Old. It is Roman only in the sense of being pre-eminently Byzantine.

The Laudian theory, as we take it, is the strictly Anglican one of a national Church, which, if there were no schisms abroad in the world, might yield to the Church of Rome the respect due to the elder from the younger, but nothing more. The national Church, independent within its own bounds, has as its chief officers Bishops whose authority comes from a divinely ordered apostolic commission, and its supreme governor is the crowned and anointed King of the land. It knows no appeal to any foreign jurisdiction. King and Primate are, as of old, Caesar and Pope, or rather Caesar and Patriarch, within their own island. The King is not, as he is in the Papal theory, something external, and not unlikely to be hostile, to the ecclesiastical system. He is himself a sacred person; and, both in his Byzantine and in his Anglican form, he is apt to be personally a theological disputant. The weak point of doctrine of the *Regale*, according to this theory, is that it flits to and fro between two utterly incompatible theories of a divine right of Kings. No two doctrines can be more opposed than that of a divine right of Kings transmitted by hereditary succession, and that of a divine right of Kings conferred by their ecclesiastical consecration.

Now, looked at from its purely ecclesiastical side, this theory of the seventeenth century is pretty much the theory of the strictly Anglican party in the nineteenth century, the party which combines the doctrine of apostolical succession of the ministry with attachment to the union of Church and State. The chief difference is in the changed position of the sovereign. A King who must act by the advice of Ministers given him by his Parliament, a King in whose dominions perfect political equality is secured to all religions, cannot be the supreme governor of the Church in the same personal sense as Alexios Komnenos or James the First. And this is undoubtedly a great difference. From the ecclesiastical point of view, the personal exercise of ecclesiastical power by a crowned and anointed King, who may be looked on as sharing somewhat of priestly sanctity, is another thing from the ministerial exercise of the same power by mere Ministers or Judges, whose character is wholly secular and whom no consecrating oil has touched. The Lord's Anointed is one thing; a mere human First Lord of the Treasury is something quite different. The authority of the secular power in ecclesiastical matters has now become more or less of a stumbling-block to the representatives of those who found it no stumbling-block in the seventeenth century, simply because in the seventeenth century the royal power was not felt to be wholly a secular power. Setting aside this difficulty, the ecclesiastical position of Laud and the ecclesiastical position of a modern Anglican like Dr. Hook seem to be exactly the same. Dr. Hook is therefore drawn to one side of Laud in a way in which he is hardly drawn to hardly any other of his whole series of Arch-

bishops. But there are other sides of Laud which are not equally to Dr. Hook's mind. Dr. Hook seems sometimes a little puzzled which way to go in the political controversies of the seventeenth century. He evidently does not like the subject, and wishes to say as little about it as the scheme of his work will let him; but we think it is clear, on the whole, that his feelings go with the King, but that his intellect goes with the Parliament. He would be well pleased—and we suspect that he would be by no means alone in his pleasure—if the patriots could have done their work without allying themselves with the Puritans. Could not ship-money and forced loans and the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court and all the rest of it have been got rid of without abolishing episcopacy and the Prayer-Book, and making such frightful havoc in the churches? Dr. Hook would not at all stand alone in wishing that such a reconstruction of history were possible. But what made it impossible? We suspect that, among several causes, Laud himself was not the least. His system was one which so thoroughly arrayed both patriots and Puritans against it that patriots and Puritans presently became the same thing. The Archbishop who was, according to Dr. Hook's view, reforming the Church after an almost ideal model, was also the prime agent in a system of government in the State which Dr. Hook is far too good an Englishman to have any sympathy for. Laud, whose theology, as a theology, was infinitely more liberal than that of his opponents, made his theology, and his ecclesiastical system generally, look like an inseparable part of a hateful fabric of political tyranny. "No Bishop, no King," was a saying which was first used by those who were zealous alike for Kings and for Bishops; but, after the intimate union of King and Bishop had led to the twelve years' tyranny, it was not unnatural that in the revulsion both should go down together. Laud's policy in fact ended in setting nearly every class by turns against the objects for which he strove as if they were inseparable. Yet, as we have more than once at different times tried to show, Lord Macaulay's youthful notion of him as "a ridiculous old bigot" is quite as far from the truth as the view which looks on him as a saint and martyr. A despot he undoubtedly was, both by temper and by principle, but he was much less of a bigot than his enemies. His execution may be called a martyrdom, if every unjust execution deserves that name. For it was found impossible to convict him according to any known law; and the plea of necessity, which might be urged for the Act which beheaded Strafford, could not be urged for the Ordinance which beheaded Laud. He had ceased to be dangerous to the State from the first moment of his fall. But the fact that Laud was most harshly and unjustly treated in no way sets aside the fact that he had been the chief agent in Charles's despotism, and was responsible for its worst acts. It is in vain to say, as was said by himself at the time and as has been said by his apologists since, that he was not responsible for this or that illegal or cruel act of the Council, the High Commission, or any of the other bodies which were the instruments of Charles's tyranny. It is a mere formal fiction to say that those acts were the acts of bodies of which Laud was only one member among many. In all such bodies there is always some one man who is the soul of the whole thing, and that man in this case was Laud. If he did not propose, if possibly he did not even vote for, this or that sentence or other act, it is quite certain that those acts would not have been done if he had actively opposed them. A modern Prime Minister might as well disclaim the acts of his Cabinet on the ground that he was but one member among many, and not the member highest in formal rank. The story that Laud took off his cap and thanked God for the passing of certain cruel sentences was an invention of his enemies; but it is not the less true that those sentences would never have been carried out, if Laud had really wished to hinder them.

With all these facts before him, Dr. Hook seems sometimes a little puzzled to know how to deal with a man who could be looked at from such opposite points of view. Here is a passage in which, perhaps a little unwillingly, he distinctly does justice to at least the early acts of the Long Parliament:—

The parliament, more powerful than he, had taken measures to put a stop effectually to these peculations of the courtiers—peculations which rendered any amount of subsidies, or of money otherwise raised, insufficient for the king's service. By their exertions those monopolies were abolished, of which, even in Queen Elizabeth's time, complaint had been made, and which the great queen in her last years attempted, with only partial success, to abolish. The gain to the king, as Prynne truly asserted, was small; the loss to the subject large. To the exertions of the patriots, as I shall call them—though I must join in the condemnation very frequently of the manner in which their great ends were accomplished—we are indebted for asserting the principle, that no taxation under any form shall be tolerated without the sanction of parliament; though in justice to Charles, to Laud, and to Strafford, we must remark that this was not the constitutional law when the direction of affairs rested with them. We are to give all praise to the patriots for the abolition of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, through which, regarded as courts of appeal, the law of the land was often superseded; though, here again, we must claim allowance to be made for the king and his ministers, who, before the abolition of those courts, acted in accordance with the law then in existence. By the same patriots the Forest laws were reformed, and the oppressions of the Stannary Courts were abolished; the subject was relieved from the vexations to which in quest of money he was sometimes exposed, through the revival of obsolete laws, such as the law which required persons in certain positions to accept knighthood, or to pay a fine for declining the honour. They who were thus employed had little time to think of Laud, except to rejoice that the king was deprived of a counsellor, who might have urged him to oppose the reforms demanded by the country. It is to be remembered that at first the reformers were, or professed to be, churchmen. But being in a minority, however, they could not carry their points without the assistance and support of the puritans and fanatics; and, therefore, they courted them by yielding to their prejudices.

The praise is a little grudging; still it is honest praise; the only thing really to find fault with is the way in which Dr. Hook tries to do justice to Charles, Laud, and Strafford, by implying that the "constitutional law" was different under their administration from what it became afterwards. It would perhaps be possible to find detached precedents in earlier reigns for most of their illegal acts. But those acts were not the less illegal, because they might not be unprecedented; and there is a further difference between isolated illegal acts and an elaborate system of government in defiance of the law. Of this last Charles, Laud, and Strafford cannot be acquitted. Of the three, Dr. Hook seems, somewhat strangely, to be most inclined to defend Strafford. But, whatever Charles and Laud were, they were at least not renegades, and Strafford was. A Bill of Attainder is always a measure of doubtful justice and doubtful expediency; still we cannot but wish that Dr. Hook had chosen some other word than "murder" to describe a solemn act of the united powers of the realm.

It strikes us that in this Life of Laud Dr. Hook has made less use than one might have expected of the Archbishop's letters; we remember that they were used with great effect, years and years ago, in a powerful article in the *Christian Remembrancer*. It is in these letters, above all in the letters to Strafford, that the whole man stands out. And when the whole man does stand out, we see what mere daubs are the ordinary portraits drawn of him alike by his idolaters and by his enemies. He appears as something very unlike either the saint and martyr or the ridiculous old bigot. His real picture has yet to be drawn in full, but Mr. Green has given some very spirited touches. We cannot however see that Laud was, as Mr. Green holds, working, even unconsciously, in a Romish direction, unless by Romish we understand everything that is not Puritan. Laud was, if anybody chooses, sacerdotal; but sacerdotalism, whether right or wrong, is not distinctively Romish. But the point to be always borne in mind is that, in the end, Laud's ecclesiastical policy succeeded. He carried his point, at a fearful cost to himself, his King, and his country, but he did carry it. The main points on which he insisted, the innovations of which he was accused, have taken firm root, and are accepted even by the party most opposed to Laud's system. Nobody off the staff of the *Rock* wishes to see our churches in the state in which they were before Laud began to put them to rights. The last revision of the Prayer Book was a revision in the spirit of Laud, not in the spirit of Abbot. And, as a matter of fact and of law, it is that last revision, the Prayer Book of Charles the Second and the Act of Uniformity which enforces it, which fix the actual standard of the Church of England. Our immediate ecclesiastical law-givers are not the Reformers of the sixteenth century, but the revisers of the seventeenth, men in whose work the influence of Laud can be plainly seen. A man whose work has been so lasting may have been mischievous in his work—that is fair matter for dispute—but he was assuredly not merely contemptible and ridiculous.

To the personal virtues of Laud, his munificence, his encouragement of learning, his steadiness in friendship, we need not say that Dr. Hook does full justice. Nor does he at all strive to conceal that harshness and violence of speech and manner which did so much to mar their good effect. It must have been little more than manner, for his deliberate writings and speeches have little violence in them. Chief Justice Richardson hit the thing off well, when he ran away from the council-table, saying that he was nearly choked by a pair of lawn sleeves.

Of the Life of Juxon, which takes up a small part of the volume towards the end, there is not much to say. Indeed, beyond the one scene in his life which everybody knows, there is not much to say about Juxon except that he made a very good Lord High Treasurer, strange as it seemed even then for the Bishop of London to be Lord High Treasurer, and that he was, according to Dr. Hook, the last hunting Bishop. We could wish that, instead of the Life of Juxon, some points in the Life of Laud had been worked out a little more fully. We leave the series with regret. We have throughout remarked on its weak as well as its strong points; but we can dwell with a certain kind of pleasure even on its weak points, as the strength and the weakness were closely bound together, and both alike were characteristic of a man of whom we may truly say that every one who knew him, whether face to face or in his writings, ought to be better for having known him.

GUIDO AND LITA.*

A CENTURY ago, more or less, may be dated the flourishing in England of that supposed art of poetry which consists in saying things not particularly deserving to be said for their own sake in a set of conventional phrases equally remote from the ordinary speech of mankind and from the utterance proper to genuine poetic emotion. It is not long since we had occasion to remark on the excellent work done by Wordsworth in driving this kind of diction out of our literature. The extermination, however, has not been so complete but that the thing still survives with an obscure and fitful vitality, and every now and then surprises one by presenting itself in some unusually conspicuous form. It is believed that University prize poems still adhere largely to the models which give no countenance to calling anything by its right name; where a man never stands, but plants his feet upon the flowery sod; never sleeps, but invites grateful slumbers to smooth

his brows; never drinks, but laves his lips in the refreshing wave or the mantling grape, as the case may be; where every small tenement is a cot, every wind a zephyr—or sometimes in very colloquial passages a breeze—and every tree a grove. In order to keep up appearances with the limited vocabulary allowed in this kind of composition, several auxiliary rules or licenses had to be admitted, of which the general effect is that, the main object being to produce a series of fluent couplets free from vulgar plain English, all other objects are to be kept strictly subordinate; rhyme comes first, grammatical use of words next, and construction of the sentence third, while weight or precision of meaning and fitness of the word signifying to the particular thing signified are so much left to shift for themselves that they can hardly be said even to come last. Prize poems, however, do not as a rule obtain an extensive circulation; and these reflections would be practically a gratuitous anachronism were they not naturally called forth by the volume now before us, which is not a prize poem, is the subject of general notice, bears date in the current year, and is decorated with all the luxuries of modern paper, printing, and gilding. The poem is written with considerable facility, some power of observation and description, and occasional ingenuity; but it is also written as if the author had studiously avoided taking counsel of any of the really great masters of English verse in days earlier or later than the brief reign of feeble and frigid convention which apparently he has chosen as his ideal.

The story, to begin with, satisfies the first canon of general insignificance. There was a castle at Orles on the Riviera in the tenth century, and there lived in it a proud and valiant old lord, and an idle young lord, his son Guido, our hero that shall be. There was also a pretty fisher-girl in the village, by name Lita, and the young lord fell in love with her. But he being a lord and she a fisher-girl, they were naturally at their wit's end and despairing of their fortune—when, by the greatest luck in the world, the Saracens made a raid upon the village, carried off most of the girls, our heroine among them, and decoyed out the Christian fleet on a fool's errand after the captives, who had really been conveyed inland. Pending this diversion, Lita finds an unexpected helper in the Saracen chief's harem, by whose means she escapes back to the town, and gives warning of the more serious attack which is the enemy's main object. The place is beleaguered; and Lita, though not strong enough to roll down stones from the wall, is able to distinguish herself by putting out fires, and superintending the boiling of pitch and other agreeable missiles of mediæval warfare to pour on the Saracens' heads. The defenders, however, are driven from the outer walls into the castle, and are there making a desperate resistance, when the force which had been sent away with the fleet returns with the young lord, now made a hero by love, at its head. There is great slaughter of Saracens, and the old lord, though himself mortally wounded, lives long enough to be tended by his son and the fisher-maiden together, and to approve the partnership in love of those who have thus been partners in deeds of arms. The Count of Provence comes on the scene with his forces just in time to grace the victory with his presence, and the sanction of the Church in the person of a militant bishop; he takes off Guido and Lita to his court for a year, after which they come back to Orles to be married, Guido having meanwhile helped the Count to dispose thoroughly of the remaining Saracens in those parts. And so they massacred all their enemies, and were pious and happy ever after.

We are by no means prepared to say that this story might not have been told so as not to seem commonplace; as it is, we see no occasion to dwell further upon it, and we proceed to show into what curiosities of style an educated writer may be led when he chooses to aim at nothing better than the sonorous prettiness doing duty for strength, and the artificial neatness masking real slovenliness, which nourished the barrenest decades of the eighteenth century. We may begin almost at the beginning with a formal simile from the second page:—

Like the proud lords who oft, with clash of mail,
Would daunt the commerce that the trader's sail
Had sought to bring. . . .
So stand their forts upon the hills; with towers
Still frowning, sullen at the genial showers.

That is, we presume, the lords' forts; so that, omitting, as we have here done, three intermediate lines about what the lords did, we find the poet has informed us that the forts stood upon the hills like the lords themselves. Literally this is absurd, nor does the explanation following each branch of the simile make it a good one. The resemblance is meant to be that the lords treat commerce as the forts seem to treat the showers. But it never would come naturally into an observer's fancy to regard the castles as frightening away the rain. In this kind of poetry, however, set comparisons at certain intervals are esteemed a necessity, and if a good one be not forthcoming, it is more respectable to have a bad one than none at all. Presently we meet with "white ashes that the fire has seared"; the fire cannot sear ashes, for they are already as sear as they can be; nor can the phrase be justified as a prolepsis, for ashes are the result of complete burning, not of searing. But seared rhymes to appeared. In the same page the participial forms *sprung* and *rung* are used quite gratuitously for *sprung* and *rang*. The heroine has a "forehead whiter than Carrara's stone," which is not possible anywhere, least of all to a person leading an out-of-door life in Italy, and would not be beautiful if it were possible. In a passage on night and moonlight we read of "waters

* *Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera.* By the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

manacled in sleep"—a false image and "an ill phrase." Cliffs are compared to

the prow of galleys, that of yore
Stretched their proud beaks above the surge's roar.

The object of a beak was of course to strike the enemy *below* "the surge's roar" if possible, and no ordinary galley could have "stretched her proud beak" in the position alleged except when she was going down by the stern; but perhaps the writer has in mind some class of ships which, like certain other vessels with beaks in later days, were apt to practise sinking in time of peace.

Our next specimen is a whole sentence of the complete prize-poem type:—

Throughout the spaces near the ponderous gate
Old halberdiers and armoured followers wait:
They guard the passages and line the hall
For stately trial or high festival;
When to give sentence, or to pass decree,
The knight was seated 'neath the canopy
Betokening feudal sway, that only saw
Justice in him who made, and dealt the law.

The show of balanced words in the last couplet is a cloak for mere confusion of sense. How can a "feudal sway" be said to see justice or anything else? A form of government, such as monarchy or republic, may by poetic license have the simpler human actions and passions attributed to it, but scarcely opinions; here, of course, the people who lived under the sway are meant. Then "only saw justice" stands for "saw nothing but justice"; an inversion which is at home in this particular style of verse, and is tolerated nowhere else. "Him who made, and dealt the law" is ambiguous; if it points to a separate lawgiver, the language should have been clearer; if it means that the laws administered by the lord were made only by himself, or depended on his will, the writer should fortify himself with some better elements of legal and historical knowledge the next time he takes in hand to discourse of the incidents of "feudal sway." In the same page we find exemplified one of the peculiarities of structure affected by this school of verse—namely, a long sentence made up of a string of couplets marked off by semicolons, in which the general sense and grammatical connexion are disguised as much as possible. And it is odd, and not poetical, to describe the foreshore by such a periphrasis as "where sea and land in common came to dwell." Our remaining examples are taken at wider intervals. A perishing yoke—

the yoke
Of Saracen or Pirate by the stroke
Of their own hands must perish—

fairly startles us. A "phantomed horror" for an enemy long known by report, and now for the first time seen—the Saracens, to wit—is inaccurate and hardly intelligible. In one place we come unawares upon a halting line of only eight syllables, where we can only suppose some epithet to have dropped out in the press. We hear of northern lights "crossing the heaven as with a span," which has no meaning at all; even if the noun *span* could be used in a vague sense co-extensive with the verb, it would give here a bare tautology. Shortly after this *smote* is wrongly used (in a rhyme) for *smitten*; greater men, however, have no doubt done as badly or worse by their mother-tongue. And here is a really puzzling line, which we cite in its context. The subject is the motion of a ship under sail:—

Her hundred arms are now no longer seen;
Transformed and beauteous, like a sea-born queen,
With gallant grace she glides amid the crowd;
Where the hoarse tumult of rough waves is loud;
And their rude clamour mellow as she speeds,
For a wild wonder to their wrath succeeds.
Lo, their swift ranks are following where she leads
Their curving crests their offered homage plead,
Till laughing murmurs their delight reveal
And eddying dances, round the flying keel.

It cannot be meant that the homage of the waves pleads their curving crests; on the other hand, if the crests plead the homage, the verb stands in the singular by the attraction of *homage* as the nearest substantive in the sentence, which is an idiom common enough in Elizabethan writers, but, as far as we know, not yet revived by any of our own time, and least of all to be expected in a work constructed on such wholly different patterns as the present. Again, is *dances* in the last line of our extract a verb or a noun, and in either case how is it construed? When the assault is impending, Lita asks whether she

Might not assist the fighters on the wall,
Where levers plied, give rock-like stones their fall.

What is a "rock-like stone"? If a stone as big as a rock, why not say a rock at once? Perhaps it is an elegant compromise with the Western fashion of making *rock* do duty for stones of any size, according to which "heaving rocks at him to any great extent" is said to be, as a rule, not the correct way of replying to a speaker's personal allusions. We observe that even the printers have caught (as in this place) the eighteenth-century manner of inserting unmeaning and even misleading commas between a verb and its object. In addition to these vague or perverse uses of particular words, the general tricks of the style adopted run all through the composition; but is constantly put for *only*, and in constrained and inverted positions; and *alone* and *only* are more than once confused.

Such are the results of following bad models. If the Marquess of Lorne had chosen to follow good ones, he would probably have produced something which, if not of any exalted merit, would

have been respectable and free from conspicuous faults. Several of the descriptions are by no means inapt, though they are almost all strangled in the birth by the conventional vagueness of the style; and some of the comparisons are pretty and fanciful, though rather in the nature of conceits, and introduced with no special appropriateness to the narrative. For example:—

So, stealing furtively away, once more
He passed to where along the gleaming shore
The waves, like vassals of an eastern king,
In lengthened lines, continuous, came to fling
Their load of diamond and of opal down.

But one of the first things a writer of verse should learn is to be not only fluent, but accurate; to have not only abundance of words, but the power of justly adapting them to things clearly conceived and imagined in thought; and this the Marquess of Lorne has not learnt.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.*

ALL students of English history will appreciate the value of an accurate reproduction of the Bayeux Tapestry; and such a reproduction is now offered to them in the handsome volume published by the Arundel Society, containing a series of autotype plates from photographs taken from the Tapestry itself. South Kensington has in this instance done a good piece of work, and the Committee of Council on Education, under whose auspices the photographs were undertaken, deserve the thanks of every one interested in the politics, tactics, art, and manners—for upon all these subjects the Tapestry throws a flood of light—of England and Normandy in the eleventh century. Gratitude too is due to the authorities of Bayeux, whose consent was necessary to the undertaking, and of whose courtesy Mr. Rede Fowke speaks in high terms. A jealous care indeed for the safety of their treasure led the custodians of the Tapestry to refuse to allow it to be removed from its case, thereby throwing considerable mechanical difficulties in the way of the photographer—difficulties which however appear to have been skillfully overcome. Merely for the purpose of giving an idea of the Tapestry to one who has never seen it, the coloured plates of Stothard and others must be acknowledged to have an advantage over the neutral-tinted autotype. Being worked in flat tints, and with an utter disregard of perspective, the Tapestry depends for its effects in great measure upon changes of colour. A blue horse stands out distinctly enough against a red horse; but the photograph has only a slightly varying shade of brown to express the eight different-coloured worsteds of the original embroiderers. The distinguishing merit of the autotype lies of course in its perfect accuracy. It lacks the colour, but, as far as it goes, we have the certainty that we can trust it for even the smallest details, and can discuss the inferences to be drawn from them with almost as much satisfaction as if we had the Tapestry itself actually before us. Occasionally indeed the effect of the plates is rather marred by the divisions falling awkwardly, and we wish for some arrangement by which we might get one whole scene, instead of two half ones, in a plate, and be saved the effort of mentally piecing the plate before us on to the one we have just turned over. How can we realize Duke William inquiring of Vital "si vidiasset Haroldi exercitum," when we have to look for the Duke on one page and for his scout on another? How can we judge of the workings of Harold's mind as he accepts the crown of England, when the edge of the plate grazes the end of his nose, and lops off a shoulder, an arm, and half a leg?

In the accompanying letterpress, Mr. Rede Fowke, besides appending to the plates a kind of *catalogue raisonné*, has accumulated a mass of information about the Tapestry, its mode of execution and materials, its history, a summary of all the opinions that have been put forth about it, elaborate notes upon the arms and armour, the costume and manners of the time, notices of all the actors and places represented, a list of books written on the Tapestry or containing important references to it, and, in short, almost everything that can be said upon the subject. His work is necessarily that of a compiler, and some of it is executed in the ordinary fashion of compilers, who are given to throw upon paper any information, valuable or other, which they have collected "in the course of their reading" on their subject. Thus it was unnecessary to compile from sundry modern ecclesiastical books a list extending through seven quarto pages of "the garments appropriated to each rank of the clergy," especially as Mr. Fowke omits to touch upon the only point of real interest—namely, which of these many vestments are shown in the Tapestry. Then there are little scraps of information such as that "horses were introduced into England long before the Christian era," though England, in the historical sense of the word, did not exist before the Christian era, and that "saddle horses" were "first used about 631," a statement for which we should like to have the authority. The story of Coifi is enough to show that Englishmen rode on horses—we will not commit ourselves to the saddles—before 627. Elsewhere we are told that

None but persons of rank were allowed to keep hawks; and it was not until the reign of King John that any mitigation of this severity appears to have taken place, when the chivalrous barons forced from their liege master

* *The Bayeux Tapestry*. Reproduced in Autotype Plates. Under the sanction of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. With Historic Notes by Frank Rede Fowke. London: Published by the Arundel Society. 1875.

the Magna Charta, and by consequence obtained grateful immunities from this oppressive power, by which "every freeman was privileged to have ceryles of hawks, falcons and eagles, in his own woods, with heronries also."

The clause referred to occurs in the Forest Charter of Henry III., not in the Great Charter of John. The notices of the various actors in the scenes of the Tapestry are sometimes so carelessly written that they read like hasty notes taken in a library of reference. In one instance Mr. Fowke, by forgetting to look for his nominative case, has managed to attribute to Earl Harold certain acts which were in fact done by King Eadward. It is no doubt mere inadvertence which makes Eustace of Boulogne declare "for Richilde and Baudouin, his son, against Robert le Frison," and, two sentences later, join "Odo's league to place Robert on the English throne," without a hint what Robert is meant; but the uninstructed may easily thereby be led to mistake the sex of Richildis, and to identify Robert the Frisian with Robert of Normandy. King Eadward's birth is placed "about A.D. 1001," which must be too early, as his mother was not married to King Æthelred till 1002. Harold, we read,

became on his father's decease Earl of Kent, a position which included jurisdiction over Sussex and Wessex. His earldom of the East-Angles was transferred to Ælfgar, but Harold obtaining his outlawry on a charge of treason, he fled to Ireland, whence he led a Danish horde to harry the English coasts; the Welsh proving his ready allies. Harold marched against the rebels, but no fighting ensued, Ælfgar being restored to his honours, which he lived but a year to enjoy. Harold now applied himself so vigorously to the punishment of the Welsh for their share in the insurrection, that it was only when, in 1063, he received the head of Gruffydd, Prince of Wales, in token of submission, that hostilities ceased.

It would be more accurate, we think, to say that Harold became Earl of the West-Saxons—a position which included, or might include, jurisdiction over Kent and Sussex. The rest of the account is at any rate confused. Ælfgar, Earl of the East-Angles, was outlawed, outlawed, and restored to his earldom in 1055; and, so far from dying in a year, succeeded his father as Earl of the Mercians in 1057 or 1058. He is said to have been again outlawed and to have recovered his earldom by the strong hand in the course of 1058, and he was still alive in 1062. So far from Harold pursuing Ælfgar's Welsh allies with unceasing hostility, he made peace with them; and again in 1056, after a new invasion by Gruffydd, Harold is specially named by one of the Chroniclers and by Florence among the three counsellors who then brought about a reconciliation between the Welsh and English Kings. Gruffydd seems to have lived in a chronic state of insurrection and hostility to England; but the war between him and Harold which resulted in Gruffydd's death did not begin till 1062 or 1063. As the Worcester Chronicler observes with reference to Earl Ælfgar's doings, "It is longsome to tell how it all went"; but Mr. Fowke has made his account too short for clearness. The date of Harold's shipwreck and captivity is uncertain, but it could not have been, as Mr. Fowke makes it, at once "in the year 1062" and "some two years later" than 1063. William the Conqueror was not "reared at the court of France," though he was taken there to do homage as the heir of Normandy, and may have stayed some time there. And if Mr. Fowke has any good authority for the statement at p. 107 that William instituted the curfew as a check upon sedition, he would do a service to perplexed antiquaries by revealing it.

The account of the Tapestry itself, the summary of the various opinions as to its origin, and the explanation prefixed to the plates are the most interesting and valuable part of the letterpress. It is curious to follow the vicissitudes of the Tapestry, from 1562, when the Calvinists pillaged the cathedral church of Bayeux, to 1871, when it was soldered down in a zinc case and hidden away for fear of the Prussians; and to see by what good fortune, or rather by what praiseworthy care and exertions on the part of the clergy and citizens of Bayeux, it has escaped its many dangers. So completely was its existence at one time unknown to or forgotten by the outer world, that when in 1724 a drawing of part of it came into the hands of a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Lancelot, he could not make out whether the original was a bas-relief, a fresco, a piece of stained glass, or tapestry, and made search for it in vain at Caen, where he conjectured it might be found. By the time of the Revolution, however, its fame was established both in France and England, but it had still great perils to encounter. It is enough to make an historian's or an antiquary's blood run cold to hear that in 1792 it was actually placed as a covering on a transport-wagon, which was already on its way when the precious embroidery was rescued by the commissary of police. And, as if this were not enough, two years later we hear that "un zèle plus ardent qu'éclairé avait été sur le point de faire lacérer dans une fête civique cet ouvrage auquel on n'attachait plus d'autre mérite que d'être une bande de toile propre à servir au premier usage." Napoleon in 1803 made, as the modern phrase is, political capital out of it, had it shown at Paris, went himself to see it, "and affected to be struck with that particular part which represents Harold on his throne at the moment when he was alarmed at the appearance of a meteor which presaged his defeat: affording an opportunity for the inference that the meteor which had then been lately seen in the south of France was the presage of a similar event." The latter meteor, as Mr. Fowke might have noted, was seen in the south of England, November 13, 1803, and particulars of it are recorded in the same volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* which gives this characteristic story of the First Consul. "Et fuga verterunt Angli"—the legend over the last scene in the Tapestry—must have read pleasantly to the would-be imitator of the Norman

conqueror, and perhaps caused slight qualms to patriotic English antiquaries. A correspondent of the same magazine, after quoting Montfaucon's remark that England held a higher position after the Norman Conquest than before, adds defiantly, "This conclusion . . . is not to be taken as an encouragement to every invader who attempts to usurp the Imperial throne of these realms: much less by the present invader, who holds out nothing but destruction in every possible mode; without the slightest claim of right to our throne, or an iota of our property." Scott's Antiquary might have spoken thus, with Edie Ochiltree at his side to hear and sympathize with his denunciation of the expected foe.

From M. Lancelot's time downwards various opinions, of which a useful abstract is here given, have been put forth as to the antiquity and authorship of the Tapestry. Mr. Fowke's own view is that it is a contemporary work, "probably made under the orders of Bishop Odo by Norman workpeople at Bayeux." That it is contemporary seems to us well nigh beyond the reach of doubt; but the question whether it was executed in Normandy or in England is one on which it is more difficult to form an opinion. Elsewhere Mr. Fowke calls attention to various points which make for the Norman origin, as that "the worsteds in which the tapestry is executed are Bessin worsteds." This, if ascertained, would, we think, be almost enough to settle the question. The designer, whoever he may have been, must have possessed what we may call genius, though it is accompanied with wonderfully little knowledge. Yet, ludicrous as it is in its ignorance of anatomy and perspective, how spirited is the rude work of this nameless artist of the eleventh century, and how conscientious the care with which he has preserved the small details of arms and costume. On the whole he has succeeded in telling his story, although his drawing often leaves a good deal to the imagination, and a sceptic may sometimes suspect that eager historians and antiquaries find meanings in some exaggerated action or expression of which the artist never dreamed. Have any of our readers ever taken part in a game in which each player rapidly sketches some historic incident, and sends the picture round for the rest to guess what it represents? Something like this is the amusement to be derived from parts of the Tapestry, with the drawback however that here, when guessing becomes hopeless, the artist cannot be called in to explain his meaning. There is for example that mysterious woman and priest at the gates of William's palace:—"Ubi unus clericus et Ælgyva." A suspicion of some scandal attaches to the pair, and makes the mystery all the more delightful; for historians, like less intellectual folk, open joyously on the scent of a scandal. Mr. Fowke adds to the many attempts at elucidation a suggestion of his own which has at least the merit of ingenuity. Ælgyva, whose unexplained appearance in the story of the Norman Conquest would seem to bear out the old assertion that never was any mischief in the world but there was a woman concerned, is the grand mystery of the Tapestry; but there are many minor points for discussion. There is the dwarf with "TYROLD" so plainly written above him, a name which Mr. Fowke contends does not belong to him, but to the tall Norman messenger close by, whose height obliged the designer to crowd his name in at his back instead of setting it over his head in the usual way. This man he is inclined to identify with a "Turol, Constable of Bayeux," whose mark he has seen attached to a charter. Then there is Wadard, with the legend over his head "Hic est Wadard," as if we should know all about him without further explanation. "Mr. Hudson Gurney surmised," says Mr. Fowke, "that he was the Duke's dapifer . . . through whom alone, as William of Malmesbury informs us, he could receive or make communications in his parley with the English." No precise reference is given, but we suspect that the writer has got hold of the story told by William of Poitiers (not of Malmesbury), how the Duke passed himself off as his own seneschal to one of Harold's messengers, telling him that he could only see the Duke through his means:—"Eum alloquendi nisi per me copiam habere non poteris, quod affers mihi narra." However, to return to the characters of the Tapestry, a son of Turol, a Wadard, and a Vital, have all been traced out in Domesday as holding land of Bishop Odo, and all three would be no doubt well known at Bayeux. Wadard, whatever position he held, appears in the Tapestry as one of the foraging party at Hastings, and seems to be conversing with a man leading a pack-horse, or rather pony, so small and so absurdly lively-looking as to suggest the thought that it must have been the remote ancestor of the immortal "poor man's oss" of Leech. Mr. Fowke holds that its small size and hogged mane proclaim it to be English bred, and thinks that the incidents of the capture or the diminutive form of the animal are the cause of some amusement to the interlocutors. The hogged mane, we may note, is not absolutely conclusive as to nationality, for it appears on one of the horses of the Norman messengers sent by William to Guy. Elsewhere we remark a curious inadvertence. In the scene where Guy leads Harold captive to Beaurain, two horsemen are placed in prominence, both without defensive armour, and both carrying falcons, but one moustached and one shaven. These are clearly Harold and Guy, but opinions differ as to "which is which." Mr. Fowke gives various reasons for thinking that the foremost is Harold, in which opinion we quite concur; but when he tells us that this rider is mounted on a mule, and proceeds to talk about the captive Earl riding "an animal which offers him little chance of flight from his well-mounted guard," we are struck at once by the fact that the rider in question is on an unmistakable horse, with the short ears, flowing mane, rounded croup, and thick tail of the Norman charger.

The truth is that the mule, a long-eared, long-bodied, thin-tailed beast, occurs six plates further on, and is there ridden by Guy. As for the question of identity, the moustache of the foremost of the disputed horsemen seems to us to be enough to mark him as Harold; but we may call attention to another piece of evidence which may perhaps console Mr. Fowke for the loss of his mule. Harold—assuming it to be Harold—carries his falcon, as usual in the Tapestry, on the left hand, but his right hand, which in civil life seems to have been the bridlehand, is unoccupied, and the reins lie on his horse's neck. May not this be a conventional method of denoting that the rider is not going of his free will? Mr. Fowke notices also that he is disarmed, and has no spurs. Now at a later time "to ride spurless" seems almost to have been a phrase equivalent to being conducted as a prisoner, at least if we may judge from the taunting lines addressed to Edward after his capture at Lewes:—

Thou shalt ride sporeless o thy lyard
At the ryhte way to Dove-ward.

We hope the publication of these autotypes may have the effect of spreading a knowledge of the Bayeux Tapestry among others than professed students of history. The magnificent array of purple and scarlet, white and gold, in which the Arundel Society's binder has clothed the outside of the volume will perhaps win it a place on drawing-room tables; and it would indeed be refreshing to find anything so interesting in the ordinary middle-class drawing-room. As a means of education, nothing would so strongly impress the history of the Conquest on the minds of children, or indeed of older people, or help them so strongly to realize the men of the eleventh century—to say nothing of the advantage of a salutary reminder that England is not absolutely impregnable. Cruel Norman sarcasm has placed beneath the representation of William's scouts at Senlac the device of a fox—so Mr. Fowke says, but surely a wolf is more likely to be meant—watching a grazing ass. It is to be feared that this last inglorious emblem shadows forth too truly the aspect in which our country sometimes presents itself to foreign diplomatists and soldiers.

A GARDEN OF WOMEN.*

MISS TYTLER can tell a story—and in the *Garden of Women* there are twelve of them—with spirit and point. She brings her principal characters together to play out before us their loves, their tiffs, or their more serious differences; and she puts them in position. They are Scotch or English or French, with a fair approach to truth in their several nationalities. They have distinctive qualities. She has seen such people, and speculated upon them, and has founded her stories on such experiences. No reader, for example, can doubt that the offensive watering-place widow in the "Tiger Lily" is a portrait. Offensiveness, as a feminine quality, is however an exception to the rule. The design of the book is to set off woman in the most telling light—to teach one sex by example, and to instil into the other a wholesome sense of inferiority in all the qualities which lead up to self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. Perfect fairness is so rare that, where a woman is the writer, we submit that so it should be. It is an attitude of mind greatly to be preferred to the other extreme, more amiable in itself, and tending more to truth as well as kindness of delineation. For, however women may pretend to know men, and see them through and through, they understand their own sex with a much more practical knowledge; and if this knowledge induces cynicism, we suspect the quality of the writer's experience. We find self-sacrifice then, in some form or other, the virtue illustrated throughout this series, and the sacrifices of woman in her domestic, and least showy, character supply the all but universal motive. Man is the self-willed son who disappoints his father's hopes, while his sister sacrifices her comfort and her prospects for him. Man is the worn-out labourer, while woman, still hearty and equal to her work, puts up with him. Man is the scholar, moody under his sacrifice, and sinking into moral inferiority; woman, cheerful in the same calling, who prefers him, in pity for his disappointed ambition, to his betters. Man is the dissipated, lost, would-be gentleman; woman, the motherly old maid, who loses health and life in the effort of reformation. Woman in "London Pride" is the devoted daughter, bearing all the ignominies of poverty in order to keep—that favourite feminine form of sacrifice—her stupid brother at Oxford. Man in "Love Lies Bleeding" is the jilted, sinking in his ill-won affluence to a lower level; woman, the victim, submitting with generous effort, and slowly rallying from the blow. Man in "Rue" is the mere lover of beauty, blurring out his horror at the outrages of small-pox on the fair face of his betrothed; woman, the sufferer, inditing her letter of renunciation in sight of her mirror's reflection. Woman is the constant in "Balsam," through eighteen years of trial; man the defaulter, only brought to his senses by a broken leg. In the sprightly French story, "Lorlotte and the Capitaine" ("Honey-suckle"), the parts do seem a little reversed, but it is at the expense of such subjugation of sense and reason to the sharp-witted Madame Dupont that it would seem as if man could not be both magnanimous and wise.

The story in which the leading moral least predominates naturally perhaps shows the most vigorous writing. This is the "Scotch Thistle," which opens with two farm-servants, Adam and Mally,

being about to be "cried" in their parish kirk. Between the crying and the wedding they contrive to fall out, Mally having successively declined her lover's proposals to carry her lantern and her milkpail for her, to unbar the door at night for a talk with him, and to go with him her last maiden Sabbath to see his mother. Both being endowed with a stolid obstinacy, these acts on her part lead to a permanent breach. The wedding never comes off, yet both remain in the same service and see each other daily, their duties often bringing them into closest contact; though never a word, nor a look, is exchanged between them. So matters go on for fifteen years; each party supposing their old love turned into bitter hate. At length master and mistress die, the old farm is taken by a stranger, whose first act is to dismiss all the old servants, and Adam and Mally have to find new and separate homes. The last night has come; they are each performing last offices. A touch of sentiment in the man leads him to gather the flowers in his garden, and, as Mally rises from her milking-pail, an impulse impels him to offer them to her. "Will you have them, Mally?" Mally stares, but in the end she takes the flowers without a word:—

He glanced at her, and then he offered to take her pitcher. "I'll carry it," he said stoutly. "It's no ill to carry," she protested, but she did not resist further, or tell him that the strength of his arm compared to hers was not what it had been. . . . "It's no ill to carry," echoed Adam, as he put down the pitcher and wiped the perspiration from his brow, midway in the field, "but it's long since I've carried anything for you, lass."

They part on their several ways; but that night, when Mally lies on the slab of peat for the gathering of the kitchen fire, she starts on hearing a tap at the window. Her heart leaps to her throat, yet she doubts it is but fancy, and calls herself a daft auld maid:—

The tap came again, causing Mally to shake as she had not shaken in her life before, and Adam's voice reached her in a loud whisper through the window-pane, "Mally, will you wait and watch wi' me the nicht? It is an odds from the nicht I socht you before."

Mally went to the door, though she walked as if her feet were loaded with lead. She unlocked and unlatched bolt and latch bunglingly, saying faintly, with a woman's jealous excuse for herself, to the shadowy figure without,

"It's a balmy nicht—it's no as gin it were winter. I can take no chill in the May air through a crack wi' an old acquaintance, forby I'm no fashed wi' hoasts, as I was wont to be."

"Mally," demanded Adam, with his hand pressing Mally's shoulder, "will you gang wi' me come Sabbath, and see my nither? She's very frail and blind now, woman."

"I'll be blythe to spear for her gin that will do her ony gude," granted Mally tremulously, but in her sympathy maintaining her woman's perversity and hypocrisy to the last; for after all Mally, with her tremendous dignity and staunchness, was only a woman.

"We ha'e been twa fules wha ha'e lost the best o' their days," swore Adam, speaking under that inconstant but sweet May sky, which could frown and smile again twenty times a day.

The sentence was disparaging in every light, yet Mally assented to the condemnation mildly, "Sae ha'e we, my man."

Adam brightened the next moment, as men will brighten when their opponents show symptoms of giving in, cheered at the same time by a welcome recollection.

"Folk may laugh," he said; "let them laugh. Mally, we may do't the morn. We ha'e na lost the fees for the cryings, and your red plaid is aye to the fore."

This scene is pleasantly and in the main simply given; yet one or two passages in it illustrate a feature which appears in much modern feminine writing.

There are two modes of approaching the act of composition, in one of which the author is emphatically himself, while in the other he assumes a character and affects to be somebody else. In the first the author tells the story as he sees it, is possessed by the vision before him, and only aims to reproduce it; in the other the writer, as a necessary preliminary, puts himself into another person's frame of mind, and stands outside himself that he may see his subject with other eyes than his own. He must suppose himself somebody else before he can comfortably set his imagination to work. He assumes a character as a short-sighted man puts on his spectacles. He adjusts himself as though he were a piece of mechanism which needs to be set going by the shifting of his powers into another groove. Both modes can be exemplified by masterpieces. Defoe writing *Robinson Crusoe*, Richardson personating a hundred characters in his epistolary novels, wrote as their genius dictated, and would probably have felt quite at sea if bidden to narrate their stories as Walter Scott narrates his. Some people have two selves, a higher and a lower, the one belonging as naturally to the pen as the other to society and its temptations. Goldsmith did not put on a character of wisdom when he sat down to his desk; he divested himself rather of certain awkward or fettering defects. It does not, however, matter to the reader what is the author's posture of mind if the assumed character be only skilfully assumed and sufficiently outside the man. What we note as a feature of modern composition, especially with female writers, is the habit of transposing the natural self into another and artificial self—a second self—which we will call the *author*. Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell have produced admirable novels showing deep knowledge of human nature; but they do not put on the character, or affect an insight into nature or into motives beyond what they have possessed in their private capacity. In much modern writing we can detect where the writer leaves the guidance of her natural discernment and assumes preternatural enlightenment and mysterious sympathies. Now to us the *author* in the scene just extracted steps in for the first time in the observation that Adam spoke "under that inconstant but sweet May sky which could frown and smile again twenty times a day." No narrator in

* *A Garden of Women*. By Sarah Tytler. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

her own person telling such a story would have thought about the May sky at all, much less about its inconstancy. These demand the medium of type, and the consciousness of authorship. The author, as opposed to the simple narrator, is always thinking out the situation, is always in search of surprises and unexpected adjuncts to a plain tale, bringing earth and heaven and human nature at every turn into visible startling conjunction. She is possessed of such microscopic insight, she sees round so many corners, her observation takes so wide a range, her fancy indulges in such curiosities of speculation, that when once she takes the reins, simple narrative may well seem tame and unsuggestive in comparison. Yet many a reader interested in the story would willingly dispense with these interpolations, which, no doubt, as being forced, as having cost effort, as being ultra-fine or ultra-acute, appear to the writer the very cream of her work, the characteristic flavour by which she is to be recognized in it. Now it is because Miss Tytler can and mostly does write well and naturally that we point with regret to occasional affectations (or shall we say, mere literary habits?) put on because it is a fashion of the day to pretend to an unflinching, all-pervading observation and insight—an observation which does not always expatiate in fine writing, but sometimes condescends to minutiae equally out of the province of simple narration. In the character of author she says things which she would neither observe herself, nor, if she did, dream of saying as a private person. Something she puts on and something she casts aside. She emphasizes and drags to light things that in private life we let pass, not only because our perceptive powers are relaxed and unstrung, but because they have nothing really distinctive or worth noticing about them. For example, an elderly woman's hair is not all her own; indeed the neat braids parting under the lodging-housekeeper's widow's cap compose, if our attention is called to them, unmistakably "a front." Observation in its natural state takes in the widow as a whole, and the "front" no doubt assists in its estimate of that whole, but it never consciously arrests our thought or sight; we never twist it into a phenomenon. With the author, as such, it abides a distinct notable fact along with the cognate fact that grey natural hairs lie *perdu* underneath. And these are so present to this preternatural acuteness, that when the widow is frightened "the spikes of her hair" are seen by it to "stand on end" under the false braids. Again, two worn, anxious schoolmistresses retire to their little parlour to consult on some crisis. Their business is to talk, and not to walk. Nobody is there to see the author; why then does she betray to the reader that Miss Charlotte has a flat foot, whose remaining symmetry is destroyed by bunions? If such details are defended as giving verisimilitude to the scene, we submit that it is at too great a cost. In social life there are small personal defects which we wisely let pass as subjects not adapted to conversational purposes; it takes a good deal of wit, and some skillful leading up to as well, to make bunions suitable topics either for conversation or light reading. "Square jaws" have become too established a literary phrase for us to quarrel with them as either vulgar or repulsive. The author is, of course, an anatomist; but as such only could she allay the fears of the timid widow by the consolation of having a future son-in-law's "heavy brow and square jaw at her back."

After all, probably, the true reason of this vein is that, once in the way of it, it costs less trouble to go on with it than to be natural. There is a responsibility in the one case which is unconsciously evaded in the other. We will only say that, in proportion as writing embodies the writer's unaffected, unstrained feelings, ideas, perceptions, and opinions, is its value as an example and its charm.

MORRIS'S TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID.*

IN full assurance of strength Mr. Morris sends forth his "Æneids" without note, comment, or preface, to occupy, if it may, the place not perfectly filled by the brilliant but unfaithful Dryden, nor yet by the accurate and gifted, but less poetical, Conington. The last was essentially a scholar, with some poetic instincts. Mr. Morris is a poet born, and quite enough of a scholar to tread safely the ground of Virgilian interpretation which Professor Conington has cleared. And it is curious to note how both have hit upon a kindred measure for their translation, and gone back to the ballad form as the vehicle of their reproduction; not indeed choosing identically the same metre, though occasionally Mr. Conington's blending of octosyllabic with sexsyllabic lines comes nigh to the same result as Mr. Morris's fourteen-syllable verse—namely, the inclusion within the same limit of syllables of the entire sense of the Latin hexameter. As might be expected, our new translator is the more archaic in style and language; and the metre and manner of Chapman, copied even in the headings or arguments of the several books, and in their gathering into Æneids, as Chapman's are into Iliads, are natural and appropriate to one who has approved himself, in his *Earthly Paradise*, thoroughly at home in Elizabethan and earlier English poetry. It was in his lectures "On Translating Homer" that Mr. Matthew Arnold, if we recollect aright, gave himself credit for "Bibliolatry" as regards Homeric translation; and occasional bits of translation in the version of the Æneid (as a scholar must still call it) now before us illustrate the force

and soundness of his instinct. The directness and simplicity of archaic words and epithets are not only most convenient and apt in conveying the sense of the original, but also are anything but foreign to Virgil's own style, which, with all its polish and fastidiousness, was studiously archaic.

That this experiment of Mr. Morris's will win at once upon an ear which has not been trained by his original poems, is more than can be safely pronounced; yet we entertain no doubt that this translation of Virgil's epic will become, both for classical scholars and for those who perforce resort to an English version, the first and favourite medium of enjoying the tale of Troy's capture, the conquest of Latium, and the wanderings and wars of "Pius Æneas" in the vernacular. It is not an uneven production where a number of happy turns here and there atone for an equal number of grave trips and blemishes; but whilst the whole execution of the task shows a poet's ease and familiarity in its handling, it is also wonderfully true to the Latin original, singularly trustworthy in interpretation, and distinctly indebted for accuracy to a study of commentaries which a poet to the manner born might have let go by default. Even where we are persuaded that Mr. Morris is in error—as in translating "*Vos et Cyclopea saxa experti*" (i. 201-2)

And run the risk of storm of stones upon the Cyclops' shore—
whereas it should be, as with Conington,

You that have looked upon the cave Where savage Cyclops dwell—he has generally some excuse for it; for one recalls in this instance the image of the Cyclops in Theocritus, *ὁ σπερὶ νῆας ἔβαλλεν* (vii. 152). In the description of the fall of Troy and the battles of that fateful night, he surely misinterprets, at ii. 396, the line which expresses how Æneas and his comrades sped in the borrowed or captured arms of the Greek Androgeos:—

Vadimus immixti Danais, haud numine nostro
is not

Then mingled with the Greeks we fare, and no god helps us on; but the words italicized refer to the Trojans marching under a protection that did not fairly belong to them—seemingly the favour of Greek deities attendant on Grecian arms. Six lines further on, Mr. Morris rightly interprets a line with the same idea involved in it:—

Hæu! nihil inicit fas quæquam credere dicis!

Alas! what skills it man to trust in Gods compelled to good; in other words, What boots it to get by a stratagem the help of strange gods, or, by change of arms and armour, to get under the wing of Greek deities, who are not really friendly to them? But it is time we should give by two or three specimens a taste of Mr. Morris's style, skill, and deft use of his selected method of translation. Take first the lines in the First Book (410-18) which describe the influence of the hero's goddess-mother in making her son's path safe to the town of Dido:—

Such wise he chided her, and then his footsteps toward bent:
But Venus with a dusky air did hedge them as they went,
And widespread cloak of cloudy stuff the Goddess round them wrapped,
Lest any man had seen them there, or bodily had happed
Across their road their steps to stay, and ask their dealings there.
But she to Paphos and her home went glad amidst the air.
There is her temple, there they stand, an hundred altars meet,
Warm with Sabæan incense-smoke, with new-pulled blossoms sweet.

How thoroughly literal is the second of these lines, and yet how full of poetic feeling! whilst in the next to it "*multo nebulae amictu*" is rendered more tangible by its lively expansion. The art and skill in the conversion of the two concluding lines require to be studied carefully to be appreciated at their real worth. But we must take a more stirring passage from the Second Book, the death of Priam at the hand of Pyrrhus (544-58):—

So spake the elder, and east forth a toothless spear and vain,
That forthwith from the griding brass was put aback all spent,
And from the shield-boss' outer skin hung down, for nothing sent.
Then Pyrrhus cried, "Yea, tell him this, go take the tidings down
To Peleus' son my father then, of Pyrrhus' worse grown
And all these evil deeds of mine! take heed to tell the tale!
Now die!"

And to the altar-stone him quivering he did hale,
And sliding in his own son's blood so plenteous; in his hair
Pyrrhus his left hand wound, his right the gleaming sword made bare,
That even to the hilt thereof within his flank he hid.
Such was the end of Priam's day, such faring forth fate bid,
Troy all aflame upon the road, all Pergamus adown.
He of so many peoples once the mighty lord and crown,
So many lands of Asia once, a trunk beside the sea,
Huge, with its headless shoulders laid, a nameless corpse he he.

It is in justice to the translator of this vigorous passage that we prefer, instead of passing on to another extract, to dilate on beauties that must be felt and well seen by the reader. Our next sample shall be "Dido going forth to the chase" in the Fourth Book (129-39); but it will be convenient here to note that where, just before, Venus and Juno plan this hunting-match and the meeting of Dido and Æneas in the cave, Mr. Morris seems to have taken the wrong sense of the line "*Dum trepidant alie*," &c. (121), "While for the hunt the feathered snare-lines shake"; "*alie*" meaning seemingly rather the huntsmen or beaters than the "red feathers to snare the game," which cannot be the subject to the verb in the next clause, as "the huntsmen" may well be. But to Dido's going forth:—

Meanwhile Aurora risen up had left the ocean stream,
And gateway throng the chosen youth in first of morning's beam;
And wide-meshed nets and cordage coils and broad-stepped spears abound
Massy lads riders go their way with many a scenting hound.
The Lords of Carthage by the door bide till the tarrying queen
Shall leave her chamber; there, with gold and purple well beseen,

* *The Æneids of Virgil; done into English Verse.* By William Morris, Author of the "*Earthly Paradise*." London: Ellis & White. 1876.

The mettled courser stands and champs the bit that bids him bide.
At last she cometh forth to them with many a man beside :
A cloak of Sidon wrapped her round with pictured border wrought,
Her quiver was of fashioned gold, and gold her tresses caught ;
The gathering of her purple gown a golden buckle had.
Then come the Phrygian fellows forth : comes forth Iulus glad.

No image of the original is here slurred over or lost sight of, and whilst the description of Dido is reproduced with realistic tact, the very distinctions between "retia" and "plague" and the interpretation of *rava* as an epithet of the former, have been conned and canvassed with the help of Servius and the Dictionary of Antiquities. This Fourth Book, like the Sixth and the Second, is a fine field for the grace and power of Mr. Morris's muse, seeing that these books exhibit Virgil's narrative, rhetorical, and pathetic powers in a series of rapid changes of scene. The result of the meeting in the cave is an instance of the power of the original caught in the same spirit, though it is against our conscience to admit that the sense of "ulularunt," in the poetic lines (168)

Fulsere ignes et conscius ather
Connubiis ; summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphæ,

is correctly rendered by Mr. Morris, who translates :—

Then the wild fires flashed, and air beheld them wed,
And o'er their bridal waited the nymphs in hill-tops overhead.

Ulularunt, as Mr. Conington has seen in his note here, and shown in his rendering—

And from the summit of the peak
The nymphs shrill out the nuptial shriek—

is said of the festive cries greeting the marriage procession, as Ovid distinctly interpreted this passage, when in *Heroid.* vii. 95 ("Nymphas ululasse putavi") he makes Dido say that she mistook the yells of the Furies for the marriage chant of the Nymphs. A little further on, where the poet depicts Dido at the first misgiving as to Æneas's constancy "Omnia tuta timens," Mr. Conington and Mr. Morris are substantially agreed in rendering this clause in the sense of "fearing every safety, much more every danger." The latter catches a sort of Scriptural expression, "Fearing where no fear was"; the former renders the words a little more clearly, "And e'en in safety dreads a snare." In Dido's famous speech ("Disimulare etiam," &c., 305-39) Mr. Morris hardly hits the force of Dido's query (311-13):—

Quid ? si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
Troia per undosum peteretur classibus æquor ?

Instead of translating

What if land unknown and stranger field and fold
Thou soughtest not ; if the ancient Troy stood as in days of old ;
Would'st thou not still be seeking Troy across the wavy brine ?

the last verse should surely run "Should'st thou be seeking even Troy across such *angry* (or wintry) brine." But the end of this speech is touchingly true in its simple wording and pathos :—

Ah ! if at least, ere thou wert gone, some child of thee I had,
If yet Æneas in my house might play, a little lad ;
E'en but to bring a-back the face of that beloved one,
Then were I never vanquished quite nor utterly undone.

It would never do, though so many books of the Æneid must be left unnoticed, to give no samples of Mr. Morris's presentment of Virgil's under-world. Here we may pause on the outer bank of the Stygian flood to notice the simile for the crowds of unburied dead (vi. 309-12, "Quam multa in silvis—apricis")—

As many as the leaves fall down in first of Autumn's cold,
As many as the gathered fowl press on to field and fold,
From off the weltering ocean flood, when the late year and chill
Hath driven them across the sea the sunny lands to fill ;

or may tarry at that glimpse of infernal tribunals where (431-2)

The seeker Minos shakes the urn, and ever summoneth
The hush'd-ones' court, and learns men's lives, and what against
them stands ;

or may listen to the doctrine of the "Anima mundi" as unfolded by Anchises in the shades, as it is wrought into poetic yet philosophical language by our new translator. We feel, however, that it is best to cull some well-known favourites ; and as many critics will no doubt have pounced at once on the grand elegy or prophecy of the younger Marcellus, it may suffice to stop short of it at a memorable burst of tribute to Roman mastery, as fine almost in its new as in its first presentment. We need not give more than the cue of "excurrent alii—debellare superbos" (vi. 847-53):—

Others I know more tenderly may beat the breathing brass,
And better from the marble block bring living looks to pass.
Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven's face,
And mark it out and tell the stars, their rising and their place ;
But thou, O Roman, look to it, the folks of earth to sway,
For this shall be thine handicraft, peace on the world to lay,
To spare the weak, to wear the proud by constant weight of war.

One may envy Mr. Conington's nicer rendering of parts of 849-50:—

Map the skies,
And tell where planets set and rise,

but the rest of Mr. Morris's version gives an impression of perfect fidelity linked with the poetic gift of felicitous expression.

It would be an easy task, did space permit, to show how admirably suited to the later books of the Æneid—to the enumeration, for example, of the Italian tribes banding with Latinus and Turnus in the VIIth Book ; Æneas's visit to Evander in the VIIIth, and the description in the same book of the shield forged by Vulcan for

Æneas at the instance of Venus ; the death of Euryalus and Nisus in the IXth, and the thick-sown war passages of the remaining three Books—is the fourteen-syllable ballad metre in the hands of such a master as Mr. Morris. But such space as remains must be reserved for a glance at the happy manner in which he gives new yet simple life to expressions that have never struck us so clearly in other translations, such *e.g.* as where Æneas apologetically asks his divine mother whether she has heard of "Troy the old," "Si vestras forte per aures Troiæ nomen iit," and the meaning comes clean home in the English :—

If yet perchance your ears have felt before
That name go by (i. 375) :

or where, in Book II., 591, Venus is described as "athwart the dark in simple light she shone"—

Confessa deam, qualisque videri
Cælicolis et quanta solet ;

All God she was ; of countenance and measure was she nought
But her the heaven-abiders see—

"heaven-abiders" being an expressive compound like the "acre-biders" = "agricola," in v. 627 of the same book. Thus frequently with some antiquated word from the very sources of our language does this translator hit off a Latin word hard to match hitherto but by circumlocution. A case in point is where, in II. 644, Anchises bids his relatives, leaving him to his fate,

Sic, o ! sic positum affati discedite corpus,

O ye depart when ye have bid my body streaked farewell ;

where the Anglo-Saxon "strake" or "streke" is equivalent to "laying out." It is used again where, at the end of one of Dido's passionate speeches (iv. 391-2),

Her serving maids the fainting body weak
Bear back unto the marble-room, and on the pillows streak ;

and again, still more appropriately, where the mother of Euryalus, in Book IX. 485-6, laments that

Nec te, tua funera, mater
Produxi, pressive oculos, aut vulnera lavi.

Not e'en may I, thy mother, streak thee, son,
Thy body dead ; or close thine eyes, or wash thy wounds well won.

There can be no denying that the use of archaic words, such as "sackless," ii. 93, for "insontis," "dukes" (passim) as an equivalent for "duces," "a sort of men," ii. 18, for a great number of men, "burg" for "arx" wherever it is used, and of such expressions as "belike" or "meseems," though a little strange at first, becomes familiar by the end of two or three books, and also tends to promote literal precision. One or two renderings, however, of this kind strike us as inelegant, *e.g.* where, in Æ. vi. 462, "Per loca senta situ" reappears in the form of "Through deserts rusty-rough," and in Æ. vii. 452, Alecto in her rage taunts Turnus with a word which he had rashly let slip, "En ego victa situ," "Lo ! here am I the mouldy-dull," a singularly ugly compound. Perhaps, too, there was no need to introduce a meet rendering of *ἔρκος* *ἰδούρων* into a line which in the Latin is simply "Prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus." It is imported in the rendering, "So Hyrtacides such word from tooth-hedge sent" (see IX. 318).

But it would convey a wrong impression did our last word savour of fault-finding where, as a whole, all is "so well and fair," and where the worst misapprehension or inelegance does not amount to a serious blemish. Seldom has a poetical translation more evenly fulfilled the two requisites of clear perception and adequate reproduction of the original. Its flow is unbroken, which is more than can be said for Mr. Morris's model, Chapman's *Iliads* ; and we close the book with a regret that the heroes are sped and the battles done, when,

Turnus waxen cold and spent, the body of him lies,
And with a groan through dusk and dark the scornful spirit flies.

We could even hope—though classical translations have been somewhat thick-strown of late—that Mr. Morris might find other worlds to conquer as he has conquered this.

FATED TO BE FREE.*

FATED to be Free, although not altogether a satisfactory novel, is a very charming one. The deep poetical feeling of the author is conspicuous throughout, although it seldom, if ever, runs riot in exaggerated romantic expression. The book abounds in enchanting descriptions of nature, and the old seat of the Melcombes, where the plot opens and the dramatic interest is concentrated, is a carefully finished picture of sad rural desolation. Its surroundings might have been made theatrically sensational had they been treated by other hands according to approved popular models. As Miss Ingelow depicts them, though undoubtedly they border on the fanciful, they are possible and natural enough, taking the circumstances into consideration. We are carried back for a generation or two, and taken into a remote country district where superstitions might well have been rife. The old mistress of the rambling old hall, weighed down by a load of domestic sorrow, has long lived the life of a recluse, and believes firmly in the terrible mystery which throws its shadow over the tale. That mystery, so far as we are given to conceive it, associates itself with the apparition of a wild member of the

* *Fated to be Free*. By Jean Ingelow, Author of "Off the Skelligs," &c. London : Tinsley Brothers. 1875.

family who is believed to have come to an untimely end. The garden commanded by the mouldering verandah, where Mrs. Melcombe sits of an afternoon warming herself in the sunshine, has been given over to ghosts and nature. The decaying doors have been locked long ago, and the keys mislaid. The shrubs and fruit trees have spread out in rank luxuriance, masses of perennial flowers, struggling with the weeds, have overrun the flower beds, and in particular there is a parterre of lilies under the windows which has some close connexion with the curse that hangs brooding over the place. The garden has become a sanctuary for the songbirds of the neighbourhood. Master Peter Melcombe, great-grandson of the venerable mistress, goes prowling with curious eyes about the balcony, whence he can see in the upper boughs of the forbidden paradise a perfect treasury of birds' nests, with the parents seated on them in the complacency of long immunity. Nothing is more agreeable or more effective in the novel than the art with which Miss Ingelow lets rushes of fresh air into what would be otherwise an oppressive atmosphere of horrors. Little Peter brightens up the desolate old house; in his life and buoyant spirits he is a link with the outer world, although when he does make a raid into the tabooed precincts in pursuit of a truant top, he becomes an unconscious instrument in piling up the agonizing sensation. His researches are rewarded with a bit of mouldering gold lace which awakens reminiscences that prove fatal to his great-grandmother. But it is not only the little Peter who helps us to keep up our spirits. Away from the horror-stricken house we are in the full bustle of active and merry life. Two of the old lady's sons, though they ran away together from the maternal mansion in early life, have always been models of all the virtues, and have had no small share of worldly prosperity. Although they insist on renouncing the succession that should have come to them, although the shadow of the old place falls heavy on them when they pay a visit to their parent at her pressing request, and subsequently return to it to attend her funeral, yet they are anything but indifferent to the affairs of the world around them. They have married—one of them repeatedly—and brought up children. They have spent their fortunes generously in the broadest sympathy with all their fellow-creatures. Miss Ingelow's pages sparkle with pleasant scenes of family life, into which she throws herself with extreme enjoyment. Her volumes are positively overdone and overrun with troops of laughing children, although she makes them prattle and play with such natural grace and feeling that it is not often we feel them obtrusive. There is love-making enough, too, of one kind or another. Some of it is sketchy and consequently uninteresting; some of it grotesque and altogether improbable; but the affair into which she has thrown her heart is worked out in a shifting diorama of delightful little pictures in which the interest steadily culminates.

The novel shows care and thought and power, with graces of style and delicacy of expression which carry you leisurely along in genuine admiration. But you appreciate it rather in parts than as a whole; your original interest does not go on growing; the peaceful flow of your thoughts is disturbed by gratuitous strains on your powers of memory which you feel to be excessively irritating; and finally, when you have arrived at the last page, you lay the book aside with a well-founded sense of disappointment. Through the better part of the last volume an uneasy apprehension has been gaining on you that the author has been playing fast and loose with your curiosity, and preparing a wanton outrage on your feelings as a novel-reader instead of an appropriate *dénouement*. That apprehension is fully realized. We have said much of the shadowy mystery that has been held over our heads to cloud our sunshine, because the author makes much of it. Even when she keeps us away from Melcombe House through successive chapters, she constantly reverts to the mystery at critical turns of her story, and even wrecks the lives and happiness of some of her characters on it. Will it be believed, then, that she brings her story to a close without giving us any satisfactory clue to the secret? We feel sure that she had shaped out a solution in her mind when she wrote; we think it very possible that she may have reserved the final explanation for a future tale, for this one is made to cover much of the ground gone over in her former novel, *Off the Skelligs*. But we submit that so impotent a conclusion is inartistic in the extreme; that it furnishes besides a most dangerous precedent to incompetent writers who have not Miss Ingelow's gifts of imagination. If this kind of thing is to be made a precedent hereafter, novelists may leave the second half of their plots in shadow, and simply pass over in dignified silence any embarrassing incongruities whose reconciliation overtaxes their powers. We have said, too, that Miss Ingelow provoked us by severe calls on the memory; nor can we conceive with what possible intention she involved the beginning of her story in so tangled a web of genealogical connexions. We have read her volumes with unusual care because we thoroughly enjoyed them. But we very soon renounced as hopeless the task of tracing out the relationships; and so vague was the impression they left on our mind that we came near to protesting against a lawful marriage because we fancied it fell within the forbidden degrees. There are some four generations of the Melcombes introduced to begin with; one of the venerable scions of the fruitful stem has married no less than three times, leaving issue by each of his wives. Indeed most of the connexions have married and intermarried, and gone on increasing and multiplying, and as they have all settled down in the same neighbourhood, it is too easy to imagine how a new acquaintance may be puzzled by the series of rapid introductions.

Among the many persons presented to us, we fancy we may single

out John Mortimer, grandson of old Madam Melcombe, as the hero. John Mortimer is admirable, and decidedly original as well. To all appearance a serious middle-aged man, he is really flowing over with a subdued exuberance of good humour, and, as it turns out, he is ready to be romantically impassioned on sufficient provocation. A lonely widower, he is beginning to idealize the charms and virtues of his departed wife, who was a very unsympathetic and ordinary being in the flesh. He blesses her memory for having bequeathed to him a whole household of high-spirited affectionate children who are the joys of his solitary existence. Although they have a governess of course, his system is one of indulgence; he makes them his constant companions, and wins their absolute devotion. In reality they are very engaging, and we grow almost as fond of the younger of them and of the girls as their father was. They are somewhat too precocious, however, and they make almost too clever speeches; and as they grow up, which they have ample time to do while the story unfolds itself, the elder boy begins to become a bore and a prig. There is a very "cheeky" school friend of his, too, who writes comic verses, which, although they come naturally enough from him, are not at all worthy of the author, and in our opinion had better have been omitted. But to Mr. John Mortimer there are bitters in the blessing of this large and lively family. He himself feels that sooner or later he must give them a second mother; the marriageable neighbourhood is wide awake to the state of his feelings, and Mr. Weller himself never drew back in more terror from "widders" than Mr. Mortimer from the stealthy advances of the governesses whom he successively engages and dismisses. He finds considerable comfort in a platonic friendship with a certain fascinating Mrs. Grant, a cousin and a very old friend. Mrs. Grant's husband is conveniently removed by an illness, and naturally the bereavement brings no breach in the intimacy with the attractive widow. Mrs. Grant, while disinterestedly desiring to help her cousin to an eligible bride, becomes suddenly alive to the state of her own feelings. She discovers that she loves Mr. Mortimer with the earnest passion of a mature woman. As for John, his steadier and less quickly sensitive nature gradually becomes conscious of reciprocal sensations; and we have a novelist attempting and succeeding in the adventurous feat of enlisting our most ardent sympathies with a couple of middle-aged turtle-doves, one a widow, and the other a prosaic widower with a large family fast growing up. For the success is complete and unmistakable. We can hardly recall any prettier scenes than those where the unconscious John is pressing his love confidences on the conscious and blushing "Mrs. Nemily," as his little children call her. At his time of life he has assured himself that he should marry for practical reasons, not from passion. It is his object to give a kind mother to his children. Nothing can be more gracefully imagined than the representation of the *tableaux vivants* where it is borne in upon him that he might do much worse than turn to his confidante, Mrs. Grant, if only she will have him. Once he comes on her unexpectedly, when seated in the middle of his family group, the children of all ages nestling up to her affectionately, while the least of them all lies asleep in her arms. He has but to ask and have, if he only knew it; but the course of true love even in this instance does not run so smoothly as it might. He breaks the ice awkwardly, thinking that raptures would be out of place; and Emily, who is chilled and disappointed at being wooed in such a business-like way, bursts out in a bitter ejaculation which he takes for an indignant rejection. All, however, comes right in the end, when, like a sensible woman, seeing happiness slipping through her fingers, she steps out of her reserve and comes halfway to meet him, and so ends a love romance of the middle ages which we have followed with extreme pleasure and admiration. We are willing enough to condone the faults of the book for the sake of its beauties; but, we take it, our readers will find it all the more enjoyable that we warn them beforehand as to its shortcomings. In its beginning they come on a barrier of involved explanations which perhaps they will do wisely to clear at a bound; strictly speaking, it has no regular ending, and after revolving in circles round the great central secret, you are landed at last, little the wiser, very near to the point you started from. But in the course of your somewhat purposeless wanderings you pass through so many lively scenes and so much highly romantic country, that you are by no means likely to complain of the windings of the road, if you are prepared for the disappointment that awaits you at the end.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

SOME one suggested at this time last year that it would be conferring a great boon upon mankind if a decree could be sent forth prohibiting the publishing of any more books, except upon scientific discoveries, for twelve months at least. The general public might then perhaps be induced to read the old authors whom they now neglect, and the market for worthless trash be reduced. But as this cannot be done, we sit down to notice at least some from amongst the mountains of Christmas books, which, if piled one on the top of the other, would almost reach to the golden ball on the dome of St. Paul's. The amount of reading to be done in order to give anything like a fair estimate of their merits is not inconsiderable. It is certainly exhausting. Many of the volumes, however, are reprints, and here we have to complain that too often no hint of this is to be found either on the title-page or in the preface. Take, for instance, a book which will be welcomed by all true lovers of art, *Historical and Legendary Ballads*, by Walter Thornbury (Chatto and Windus). There is nothing said about

most of the woodcuts having adorned the pages of *Once a Week* in its young and palmy days. Mr. Thornbury's preface would lead one to suppose that all the drawings had been done to illustrate the present volume, whereas, when first published, many of them appeared with entirely different verses or stories. This may in one sense be of no great consequence, as it does not impair their beauty, but it is not quite fair to the public, and there does not seem any good reason not to have left the original drawings with their original names. Such a picture as that by poor Lawless of the fair Yolande could have done without any verses; it certainly would have been better without those entitled "The Lady Witch," which have nothing whatever to do with Jacques d'Aspremont, whose name still remains in the drawing. It came out originally to Mr. Swinburne's fine weird story of the *Dead Love*. The splendid design by Mr. Sandys of a Valkyrie and her raven is now taken to represent "a toothless hag with red bleared eyes." It is a pity a few more of Lawless's drawings were not rescued. He had so much talent, and was so early lost to us, that all his things are worth preserving. We miss some of the same period by Sandys, also published in *Once a Week*, and that beautiful illustration to Uhland's *Castle by the Sea* by Mr. Poynter. Still we must be grateful that so many works of a school distinguished for its originality should be collected into a single volume.

Several of the most imposing gift-books of the season are illustrated by photography. It is curious to remark how often the photographs taken from good pictures of nature are much more natural than those taken direct from nature herself. In the same way that many really pretty faces seem to lose all their charm of expression in a photographic portrait, so nature seems often to lose all her soft sweetness when fixed by a photographic lens. However, we are not going to disparage one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. For architectural details it is invaluable, and by its aid thousands have become more or less familiar with the subjects at least of most of our great works of ancient art. *Windsor Castle* (E. Moxon and Co.) is sure to be a popular book. It not only contains photographic views of the State apartments usually shown, but of most of the private sitting-rooms, the library, and the grand corridor. The corridor was a necessary addition, designed by Wyattville—it is sixteen feet wide, and the length of two sides of the castle. It is enriched with many splendid works of art, and forms quite a museum of rare and beautiful cabinets, china, bronzes, and sculpture. The frontispiece to this large book is the worst and least interesting of all the plates; but the next to it, a view of the north-west portion of the building from the Clewer meadow, is both picturesque and an excellent photograph. The text is by the late Mr. B. B. Woodward, the accomplished librarian, and many interesting particulars are to be found of the various changes which have been made under different reigns.

Studies from Nature, Parts I. and II., by Stephen Thompson (Sampson Low), is also illustrated by photography. Some of the plates are good. "A Beechen Slope, Knole," and "By the Sea, Ilfracombe," are perhaps the best. In some the artist has failed because he has attempted the impossible. "Cascades on the Lyn," if it could be photographed at all, would require to be done instantaneously. In the present picture the water looks as if frozen and covered with a thin layer of snow, and the whole effect is misty and yet full of hard lines. "The Old Pier, Lynmouth," is not a judiciously selected subject, as, in order to have the water in the foreground distinct, the plate had to be so short a time exposed that the wooded hill at the back is made to appear nearly black. This is a serial publication which is to come out monthly, and to contain four studies in each part. It is to be printed by a permanent mechanical process. Some of the pictures would have been improved by being taken upon larger plates, and the prints cut down to the required size. The descriptions of the sylvan scenes are most magniloquent.

Old English Homes (Sampson Low) is also illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Stephen Thompson. It contains numerous views of Ightham Mote, Hever Castle, Penshurst Place, Knole, Hampden House, and Stoke Pogis. It is nicely got up, and very suitable for a Christmas present.

The Royal Academy Album (Fine Art Publishing Company) consists of seventeen photographs taken from pictures exhibited in last year's Academy. It does not contain any of the most remarkable, and, curiously enough, only two mentioned in Mr. Ruskin's Notes, the "Studies for Decoration," by Mr. Poynter, and the "Jolly Postboys," by Mr. Marks. "The Path by the River" (G. D. Leslie), "Toujours Fidèle" (Calderon), and "Delicious Solitude" (Davidson), come out well, but none of the photographs are equal to those done by Goupil; they are woolly and weak.

Rambles in Northern India (Sampson Low) no doubt owes its existence to the visit of the Prince of Wales and the interest consequently taken in that country. The photographic illustrations seem to have been done by a lady, Francesca H. Wilson; they are good, but more interesting subjects might have been chosen than the angel over the well at Cawnpore or the obelisk which rises over Havelock's tomb at Lucknow. The letterpress is principally a history of the Mutiny.

On the whole, perhaps, the most satisfactorily illustrated book of the season is *Etchings from the National Gallery* (Seeley). Two or three of the portraits are so beautiful as to be well worth framing, and the people who have secured proofs of them are fortunate. "Leonardo Loredano, Doge of Venice," by Bellini, forms the frontispiece, and well deserves the place of honour. It is a most delicate piece of work by P. Le Rat, and as soft as it is forcible.

The next best is "Rembrandt's Portrait of Himself" by C. Waltner. The depth of colour is wonderful, and the imitation of the painter's own manner most successful. "Hobbema's Avenue," by L. Gaucherel, is also worthy of high commendation. Mr. Rajon's talents have been exercised with happy effect on the "Knight in Armour," attributed to Barbarelli, who is best known under his nickname of Giorgione. The picture, which is very popular and worthy of the master, has additional interest from having belonged to the poet Rogers, who bequeathed it to the nation. The notes by Mr. Wornum are valuable.

Many people have for some time been anxiously looking for Mrs. Heaton's edition of Dr. Julius Meyer's *Life of Antonio Allegri de Correggio* (Macmillan). At last it has appeared and proves to have been well worth waiting for, but the illustrations are disappointing. They consist either of prints or photographs from prints and are not even particularly good of their kind. No one unacquainted with Correggio's work could form the least idea of it from any of them. A few really first-rate etchings or two or three photographs from pictures would have been more valuable than the twenty mediocre plates which now adorn the book. The pattern on the binding is an admirable piece of design.

The Works of Antonio Canova (Chatto and Windus) is a reprint of the well-known outlines of Henry Moses; but that fact is not mentioned anywhere that we can see. The statues seem to be lithographed, not printed from the plates. The book is imposing from its size and scarlet cover, but not really valuable.

The outward attractions of M. Lacroix's *XVIIIth Century: France, 1700-1789* (Chapman and Hall) are very great. The chromolithographs are of the best quality, a quality infinitely beyond that of any English work of the kind. It is indeed disheartening to find the French beating us in colour-printing, and the Americans in wood-engraving. The cuts in the book before us are very good, if hardly equal to those in the *Southern States*. As an example, the set of forty-four Paris street cries after Bouchardon may be mentioned as excellent. There are also some charming studies after Watteau and Lancret, and such little engravings as the "Shop of a Dealer in Tin-ware," at p. 227, or the "Good Education," after Chardin, at p. 258, may be instanced. The full-page woodcuts are not of the same order of merit, but the large coloured pictures, fifteen in number, are charming without exception. The decorations of a *salon* in the Hôtel de Villars forms the frontispiece. Two pictures of Court assemblies are remarkable for their effect of candlelight, which is admirably rendered. There are several costume plates which are interesting, and half-a-dozen in tints, including a bird's eye view of Paris, which shows the Tuileries and Louvre as they were in 1730. The text of the book is quite secondary to the illustrations, and for the most part the labels to each cut are so full that no reference to the letterpress is needed. There is not much to be said for it. The author abstains in great measure from giving any opinion on the social state of France before the Revolution, and leaves the reader to make his own reflections. The moderate tone thus affected enables M. Lacroix even to notice calmly such questions as the miracles of M. de Paris, the exactions of the farmers of the revenue, the cruelty of the public executions, the slave-trade, and other topics. The translator has not done full justice to the original, and many places might be pointed out in this volume, as in those on the middle ages and the Renaissance, in which ludicrous, if literal, renderings of French idioms may be found.

It is impossible not to be struck with the wonderful talent in some of Gustave Doré's drawings which illustrate *Spain* (Sampson Low). They are full of life and character, and many of the little vignettes are perfectly delightful. Some of the larger pictures of buildings seem as if they had been copied from photographs, and only had the foregrounds put in by the artist; this spoils them very much. The letterpress is amusing, and seems to be very well translated by Mr. J. Tomson, F.R.G.S., being thus in strong contrast to the book previously mentioned.

The Southern States of America: a Record of Journeys in Louisiana, Texas, the Indian Territory, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, &c. &c., by Edward King (Blackie and Son), is profusely illustrated from original sketches by J. Wells Champney. The whole book is crammed with interesting pictures of the scenery and buildings of the Southern States. There are excellent maps and very clever figure pieces. The greater part of the material now published appeared in *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, but the letterpress has been rewritten, and many additional pictures inserted. We are almost ashamed to acknowledge that it would not now be possible to find in any book published in England wood engravings of the same minuteness, precision, and beauty as are here to be seen on every page. The printing which has been done in this country fails to do the artist justice in many cases, for the blocks looked better when they appeared in the magazine printed in America. The letterpress is excellent.

Leaves from a Sketch Book, by Samuel Read (Sampson Low), is a pretty gift-book, and reminds one pleasantly of the little woodcuts which used to be in the *Illustrated London News* long ago. Some of the drawings done in France and Belgium of old houses, bridges, and dormer windows are most picturesque. Many of the buildings having now disappeared, these sketches have become all the more valuable.

Every one is now beginning to look out for books for the little ones, so it may be well to say that *Nine Little Goslings*, by Susan Coolidge (George Routledge), is perfectly charming. It comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic, but contains very few Americanisms. The author has taken our old nursery rhymes and

treated them as Miss Thackeray treated our pet fairy tales. We are quite sure that more than the inhabitants of the nursery will read these stories. If they read one they will read all. "Lady Bird" with her funny imaginings and her wonderful dolls, Pocahontas Maria, Ning Po Ganges, Stella, and Imogene, is most amusing; her recipe for rose cake is delightfully childlike:—"Take a good many rose leaves, put some sugar with them—as much sugar as you can get; tie them up in paper, or in a good thick grape-leaf; lay them on a bench and sit down on them hard several times; then they are done." Perhaps "Little Bo-Peep" is almost the best story, but it is hard to decide, all are so pretty and amusing. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. J. H. Ewing's *Six to Sixteen* (Bell), is one of the best books of the year. Everything she writes is full of talent and also full of perception and common sense. This is the story of an orphan girl at home and at school, supposed to be written by herself, and the account of her French grandfather and her pretty grandmother is very touching and original. Some of the illustrations by Mrs. Allingham are very good, but they are unequal. *Tell Me a Story*, by Ennis Graham, (Macmillan), is also a pleasant book for the children, and cleverly illustrated by Walter Crane. It is a collection of stories nicely told. For our own part we like "Too Bad" and "Good-night, Winny," better than the fairy tales. *Rosamond Ferrars*, by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K.), is most interesting and well written. It gives an account of a little girl who is found hard to manage by her schoolmistress, because she has been badly brought up and has no parents. Rosamond begins by being an heiress and very unhappy, and ends by getting command of her temper and losing her fortune.

Evelyn Howard (Warne), by Mrs. H. B. Paull, is for older girls, and will probably interest them, but the incident on which the story turns, although taken from real life, has the effect of making the plot seem unnatural. Mrs. Paull informs us that Wren built the Temple, but this fact at any rate is not taken from real life. *Myrtle and Cypress*, by Annette Calthrop (Marcus Ward), is also for older girls. The scene of the early part of the story is laid in Rome, where Virginie Tonais, the heroine, falls in love with Antonio del Palmello. She is a Protestant, and will not renounce her faith, and he is one of the Papal Guard; consequently their love does not run smooth. Antonio marries a girl of his own faith, but Virginie finds no new lover to replace the old. *Little Prescription, and other Tales* (Bell), by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, seems to be liked by the children, but the frontispiece is something too dreadfully ugly to be in any nice little book. It is better to have no illustrations for children than to accustom them to bad ones. *The Man's Boot* has some clever pictures of animals, by Harrison Weir (Griffith and Farran); the letterpress is in words of one syllable and in nice clear print.

Buttercups and Daisies, with illustrations by Oscar Pleisch (Routledge), is a collection of brightly coloured pictures of fascinating little German chubby-faced cherubs playing and working and learning and dancing just as children ought to be doing. It is sure to be approved of in the nursery, where many of the rhymes which tell the stories will become familiar, such as:—

Mr. Bookbinder, I pray you tell
How do you make our books so well?
Sometimes stories, sometimes rhymes,
Sometimes funny, sad sometimes;
Stories in print with pictures to them,
I wonder how you manage to do them.

Happy Child Life (Routledge), with illustrations by the same artist, is nearly as good, but the colours are rather too glaring and coarsely laid on. The rhymes by Mrs. Charles Heaton are bright, and what children like.

Higgledy-Piggledy: or, Stories for Everybody and Everybody's Children, by the Right Hon. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen (Longmans).—Whilst irrepressible members of the House of Commons to whom no one ever thinks of listening are talking for the sake of having their speeches read by admiring constituents, Mr. Disraeli writes *Lothair*, Mr. Gladstone translates Homer, and Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen betakes himself to the regions of Fairyland. The jumbling together of "witches, jackdaws, fairies, pigs, nursemaids, magistrates, dwarfs, cock-pheasants, and a great variety of other creatures who do not usually consort together," would require, in order to be successful, to be done with consummate skill. We think it would have been better for the author's reputation if this little book which has been sent to market had stayed at home.

Joachim's Spectacles, by M. and C. Lee (Griffith and Farran), is an account of the Baron Rosengrave's children and the fairy gifts they received when they were babies. Joachim at first despises the spectacles which fell to his share, but at last he finds that they enable him to see wonderful sights which are invisible to every one else. He tells pleasantly the adventures he meets with and the strange things he discovers.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. HENRY CAREY'S works are always of practical importance; for the gravest and plainest issues of political science are still unsettled in America, and Mr. Carey is about the only advocate of false principles and dangerous projects who can argue in such a manner as to present to men of common sense and sober educated judgment, familiar with the general nature of

argument and political evidence, if not with the doctrines of economic science, the appearance of reasoning. The orators of inflation generally talk such rank nonsense, that any clear-headed man, once induced to compare their wild assertions with the replies of able opponents, or the writings of sound economists, can scarcely fail to distrust the former, if not to see the precise fallacies on which they are based. Most of the partisans of Protection and Paper—for the two absurdities belong to the same school, and are often defended by the same reasoners, even if they chance for the moment to be adopted as the war-cries of opposite factions—know nothing of political economy. They either have never read the plainest treatises on the subject, or have failed to apprehend the bearing of its elementary principles, and, when brought into conflict with writers and statesmen like Mr. David Wells or Mr. Hugh McCulloch, are easily confuted, and turned to utter rout and ridicule. They can deceive nobody who has heard both sides of the question, unless he is anxious to be deceived. But Mr. Carey is a blunderer of much greater talent and far higher ingenuity. He has known the right, and by some curious perversity of intellect chosen the wrong. With that often unconscious tact which distinguishes the school to which he belongs, he rarely descends to the simple and elementary cases which best establish and illustrate the true principles of political economy, but plunges at once into the depths of such complex questions as those of currency and international trade, involves them in all the difficulties which arise out of special cases and individual interests, and easily contrives to bewilder any reader who has not obtained or does not hold fast the clue that is only to be gained by beginning with the simplest supposable instances, and working up from these to more complicated problems. He is as complete a master of his subject as a man can be who goes wrong upon questions as completely and logically answered by its recognized teachers as the relation between the radius and area of a circle, or as the figure and orbit of the earth. He is in the position of a circle-squarer who has mastered the first six books of Euclid, or a denier of the earth's rotundity who has gone through a regular course of mathematics, and contrived, somehow or other, to misapprehend or disbelieve the entire science of mathematical astronomy. No wonder that, like the circle-squarers and earth-flatteners, he wins the adhesion of many eager disciples, and perplexes the minds of many more, among the millions more ignorant than himself. The papers collected into the present volume * have been written and published at intervals during the economic disputes which have occupied so large a share of the attention of America ever since the close of the war and the gradual diminution of the debt made resumption of cash payments, ultimately if not immediately, a practical question. Our readers may remember that it is only from a very recent period that belief in paper money has been made an article of the Democratic creed, and that even now it is only in a few States that the party has committed itself to that pestilent and ruinous heresy. "Legal tender notes" were a Republican invention, denounced by the Conservatives as expressly forbidden by the Constitution; and when the Supreme Court decided that Congress had exceeded its powers in making paper *ex post facto* a legal satisfaction for debts incurred in coin, it was by the Republicans that the Court was packed for the purpose of reversing this decision. It was a Republican majority that pledged the House of Representatives to the scheme of repudiation involved in paper payment of the principal of the debt, and Butler's name was the one chiefly identified with that policy. Unless this be borne in mind, Mr. Carey's position is likely to be gravely misconceived. When he identified the cause of "rag-money" with that of protective tariffs, the two were both upheld by the Republican party; and though sounder judges, relying on the express pledge given to the public creditor, and on the obvious fact that an issue of paper adequate to pay off any considerable part of the debt would so reduce the value of the currency as to render the scheme a palpable wrong and fraud, predicted that the American people would never assent to it, the course of politics seemed to throw grave doubt on the result. Mr. Carey had a very strong public feeling—probably at that time the feeling of the majority—on his side when he argued that the contraction of the currency with a view to the resumption of specie payments was a wrong and injury to the commercial and industrial classes, a sacrifice of their interests to those of the gold-jobbers and money-lenders. The public creditor's claims were very unpopular, for obvious reasons. He had lent money on very high terms because the fortune of the war seemed doubtful, and the chance of repudiation considerable. Consequently, victory and security brought him profits which, when realized, seemed exorbitant, because proportionate to a risk now forgotten. Other quarrels and jealousies were mixed up with this—the Western jealousy of Eastern capitalists and railway monopolies, the labourer's jealousy of the employer, and so forth; and Mr. Carey made a skilful use of all these. He argued that money and capital were identical; and that the scantier the supply of paper money, the higher would be the rate of interest—as if, when France was flooded with assignats, or when Confederate paper was so cheap that five hundred dollars would hardly buy a pair of boots, it had been possible for a trader to obtain credit available for the purchase of commodities—on easy terms. He misrepresented wildly, and in a manner very discreditable to a man so well informed on most matters of fact, the practical operation of the English Bank Act; declaring that its effect in every time

* *Miscellaneous Papers on National Finances, the Currency, and other Economic Subjects.* By Henry C. Carey, LL.D. Philadelphia: Carey, Baird, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

of panic had been to lock up the entire available amount both of gold and notes, so that no creditor could be paid in gold, because the gold must be kept against the notes in the Banking department, nor yet in notes, because the issue of notes would require an addition to the gold in the Issue department. It is obvious that so long as the law operated to keep gold in the Issue department at all—that is, so long as the circulation exceeded 15,000,000.—the notes in the Banking department were at the free disposal of the Bank, because there was, *ex hypothesi*, gold to meet them. And, as a matter of fact, no creditor ever had any difficulty, since the passing of Peel's Act, or indeed since 1819, in obtaining instant payment. Mr. Carey mistakes a notification that, if the Act were not relaxed, the Bank must refuse all discounts, for a notification that it would have to stop payment. And the relaxation of the Act did not release the Bank from its obligation to pay its notes in gold, but simply allowed it to exercise its own judgment as to the amount of notes which it was safe to issue under that liability, instead of holding it to a fixed limit. There is an analogous perversion, not of fact, but of inference, in Mr. Carey's reasoning against Free-trade. It is, he insists, a loss to the Western farmer to sell his grain in Europe and bring back cheap English manufactures, instead of selling it in America and receiving dear American wares in exchange. But it is evident that the farmer gets more for his grain in Europe than at home, or he would not export it. And if he gets cheap goods instead of dear, that means simply that he gets three tons of iron instead of two, or four bales of cloth in place of three. Only at a time when strong party feeling had fixed on these subjects as a battle-ground, and reasoning had less to do with the conclusions of men than passion, could blunders so gross and fallacies so wild as Mr. Carey's have been effective weapons of controversy. Yet they were so; and only of late, since the doctrine of inflation has been discredited by the result of the Ohio election, has Mr. Carey lost his reputation—extraordinary as it seems—as one of the chief economists of America; a Transatlantic Fawcett or a Protectionist Mill.

*Absolute Money**, by Britton A. Hill, is not perhaps much more utterly wrong than Mr. Carey's writings; but it is more consistent, audacious, and thoroughgoing in its absurdity. As half of Mr. Carey's blunders are based on the notion that coin and capital are identical terms, if not in abstract argument, yet in the practical dealings of the money market, so Mr. Hill has built a complete system of financial fallacy on the notion that Government can, in one way or another, give an absolute and unchangeable value to inconvertible paper. He has realized, and greatly exaggerated, the fact that metallic money varies in value; but to say that it fluctuates is hardly a correct statement, since, at least during the lifetime of the present generation, its purchasing power, as measured in those articles which have been least affected by the rapid improvements in manufactures and in transport, has steadily declined. He seizes the inference that a gold currency has not a constant value from decade to decade, and seems to think that it has not a constant value for those brief periods for which commercial contracts are made and commercial debts incurred. But he fails to apprehend that gold and silver have been adopted as currency because, though not perfect in any monetary quality except divisibility, they possess more of those qualities than any other article; and that especially in respect to value they fluctuate less than anything else. No conceivable process can keep constant the value of an inconvertible currency. If absolutely limited, it would tend steadily to rise in value with the increasing wealth of the community, and to give a constant advantage to creditors. If it were liable to increase, it would be constantly increased under a steady pressure from the indebted majority, and would steadily depreciate in value. And the only way of giving it anything like a fixed purchasing power would be to make its price conform strictly to that of gold—that is, to make it resemble as closely as possible a convertible currency. Mr. Hill has his own notions, of course, of the way in which these obvious difficulties might be surmounted; but we have not space to spare for the correction of the perennial blunders of circle-squarers and currency-mongers. If any of our readers are more at leisure, the book is not a bulky one, and can be read without an immoderate loss of time.

Captain Jones was despatched in 1873 on an exploring expedition into the northern and north-western part of the lately organized, and still unsettled, Territory of Wyoming †, within whose limits lies the famous Yellowstone Valley, among the most striking marvels of the world, and likely to be one day among the favourite resorts of health-seekers and fashionable holiday-makers. In wise anticipation of that time, Congress has already secured it for ever as a national possession and public park; but it has the trifling disadvantage, for the present, of being inaccessible to travellers less resolute and hardy than American officers and pioneers. Part of Captain Jones's work was to find a shorter and easier route to this marvellous region; another of his duties was to find a better road to the military posts in Montana. He achieved both purposes; but his counsels were sharply snubbed and peremptorily set aside by General Sheridan, until last year they were brought before Congress. Then the General had to consider the matter and study the Report; and he confesses in the documents prefixed to

this volume a change of mind more creditable to his frankness and flexibility than to the conscientiousness of his original study of a very carefully prepared official statement. Neither the narrative, the engineering details, the archaeology, nor the geology of the expedition can be called interesting. The most novel and striking discoveries consist of some relics of a genuine Age of Stone, strikingly resembling the oldest European vestiges of man, but probably at most not two centuries old; some small stone circles, which may be "sun-temples," or relics of Indian skin huts; and hieroglyphics which are so exactly like those inscribed by butchers' and bakers' boys on the newly-painted houses of dilatory customers, that they suggest rather the fruit of the idleness of Indian lads than the deliberately engraved records of the experience of Indian sages.

In the lecture entitled *Religion and Science* * Dr. Shields brings down to the present time a sketch of the conflicting views maintained on a series of disputed questions by theologians and scientific men, or, we might say, the efforts of the one to explain away, or modify their own doctrines to suit, the discoveries of the other, as they gradually pass from the stage of theory to that of ascertained fact. But the author solves no doubt, brings us to no conclusion, and leaves the question in short precisely as he took it up, after leading the reader through pages on pages of verbiage in quest of a solution which at the last is left to some indefinite and future "philosophy."

Mr. Fort, in his "Antiquities of Freemasonry" †, bases himself on the Masonic dogma which traces the mystic charity through the masonic trade-guilds and architect-artists of the middle ages back to the builders of the Temple. His book contains a great deal of curious detail respecting masonry in mediæval Europe, and a good deal of what cannot be called information regarding the Freemasonry of our own and recent times. Out of many such books there is a good deal of learning of a rare kind to be gleaned, if the reader will bear in mind that the mediæval guild of masons was merely one among a hundred trade-unions of the kind, and had no more to do with the modern "mystery" than with the original Temple.

Frank Forester's "Complete Manual" ‡ of sporting contains a really surprising quantity of experience and advice respecting American sport. It treats of the choice of guns and of dogs, the habits, localities, and peculiarities of various game animals and birds, chiefly as they affect the sportsman, and the necessities and conveniences of the field and the bivouac; everything, in short, that a youth devotedly fond of the pursuit would seek to learn from the most experienced and successful of aged companions, who had spent fifty successive summers and winters in the woods or on the plains.

"How to Use the Pistol" § is a brief treatise on the American science of self-defence. It insists on a fact which the makers of English revolvers are too apt to overlook, that the immediate object of a pistol shot is to disable rather than to kill, and that a man might have a bullet fired into him from every chamber of a small pocket-pistol and yet live long enough to slay the shooter and half-a-dozen men besides; while a large round bullet of the old style was sure to paralyse and stun the wounded man, if it failed, after all, to take his life. As the real use of a pistol is for defence in close fight, a weapon that leaves the enemy undisable, though certain to die of his wound, is far inferior to a cutlass or a cudgel, which stun when they strike, even though the enemy may be perfectly able to resume the struggle to-morrow.

Mr. Stone's *Reminiscences of Saratoga* || contain some lively anecdotes and illustrate some signal contrasts. The very youth of the United States as a civilized country enables writers of this class to bring the antiquities of their native places—the records and relics of a time as remote in its conditions and habits from the present as the age of the Conquest or the Wars of the Roses, a time of alarm, insecurity, and daily conflict, when men held their lives and property by the rifle, as in mediæval Europe they held their lands and castles by the spear and sword—into close and striking comparison with the peace and luxury of to-day. Men of no very advanced age can remember when Kentucky was still "the dark and bloody ground," and when, except in Louisiana, the Mississippi was still the utmost frontier of civilization; their fathers could tell them of the horrors and achievements of the Revolutionary War; their grandfathers of the still worse times when France and England fought out their quarrels in America with colonial rifles and Indian tomahawks. The great leader of the Secessionist armies was born while his father, "Light Horse Harry," the favourite cavalry general of Washington, was in the vigour of manhood. And Mr. Stone can remember for himself when Saratoga was still almost a wilderness, and has heard in his youth from others stories of the days when it was the scene of fierce Indian

* *Religion and Science*. By Charles W. Shields, D.D., Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion in Princeton College, N.J. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry*. By George F. Fort. Philadelphia: S. P. Putnam. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen*. By Frank Forester, Author of "Field Sports," &c. Revised Edition. New York: George E. Woodward.

§ *The Pistol as a Weapon of Defence: How to Choose It, and How to Use It*. New York: The Industrial Publication Company. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *Reminiscences of Saratoga and Ballston*. By William L. Stone. Illustrated. New York: Virtue & Yonston. London: Sampson Low & Co.

* *Absolute Money: a New System of National Finance under a Co-operative Government*. By Britton Hill, Author of "Liberty and Law." St. Louis: Soule, Thomas, & Wentworth. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *North-Western Wyoming, including Yellowstone National Park*. By William A. Jones, Captain of Engineers, U.S.A. With Appendix. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

skirmishes, and of one of the greatest, if not most glorious, triumphs of the colonial forces. This close proximity between the age of savagery and the age of high civilization gives a special interest to the local memories of America, and in some degree compensates for her utter lack of the venerable ruins and relics of distant ages which her children chiefly envy and admire in Europe.

The Educational Reports of Philadelphia* and New Hampshire† have each their distinct characteristics. Perhaps the most notable feature in the former is the employment of women as teachers in all the lower-grade schools for either sex, and of men as principals in the higher class of girls' schools. The speciality of the Granite State is the parsimony which renders it impossible to obtain decent salaries for teachers, and renders the Common Schools almost worthless. The better any one knows the school system of the States the less he will believe in its efficacy as a means of educating the people at large—in which respect it is infinitely inferior to the Scotch, as in the quality of the instruction given it is to the English system—and the more clearly he will recognize its one great merit, the free opening given to intellectual ambition and scholastic industry. The indolent many learn to read, write, and cipher, and to be ignorant of their ignorance of geography and history; the industrious few, however poor, get an education as good as the higher schools can give them—on the whole, about equal to that of a decent commercial school in England.

We take note of the transactions of two scientific bodies with whose existence English savants should be acquainted. The "Proceedings of the Philosophical Society"‡ "held at" Philadelphia contain papers on the Rainfall, the Digger Indians and Cremation, the Transit of Venus, and some Geological Surveys. The *Transactions of the American Medical Association* § give clear reports of the discussions held after the reading of papers on some important questions in pathology and the pharmacopoeia, as well as the papers themselves. Thus the experiences and opinions of a dozen or score of eminent physicians on the character and treatment of eczema, for example, are gathered together for the benefit of the whole profession, and not merely the views of the one specialist whose essay is printed at full length. The *Transactions* should be, if they are not already, found in the library of every medical school.

A grammar of the Micmac tongue ||, with specimens of a Micmac version of the Gospels, literally rendered back into English, affords an interesting view of the character of Indian languages, and Indian forms of thought and expression.

A collection of Prose Quotations ¶, alphabetically arranged, not by names, but subjects, may serve to assist some second-hand essayist or book-maker, but can hardly be of real service to any man more honestly engaged.

Of five works of fiction on our list, the *Bodley Family* ** is a very tolerable story for children out of the nursery, and may help to give our boys and girls some notion of their American cousins. The *Double Wedding* †† is a novel of average quality; and *Buffets* ‡‡, *Tales for Travellers* §§, and *Caring for No Man* |||, are railway books in the American style; paper-covered, double-columned, and generally ill printed, though not in quite so small a type as that adopted by English publishers for a purpose to which large and clear print is especially needful.

Swinton's "Elementary Geography" ¶¶ is a poorer school book than the excellent manual by Captain Maury which we noticed a year or two ago; but it might be useful in our schoolrooms, if only to correct the ineffable stupidity of the lessons which render our girls, not only hopelessly ignorant, but angrily impatient of geography.

* *Annual Report of the Board of Public Education of the First School District of Pennsylvania; with their Accounts.* Philadelphia.

† *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction; being the Twenty-ninth Report upon the Public Schools of New Hampshire.* June Session, 1875. Concord: Charles C. Pearson. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge.* Vol. XIV. January to June 1875. No 94. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *The Transactions of the American Medical Association.* Instituted 1847. Vol. XXV. Philadelphia: Collins. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *First Reading Book, in the Micmac Language, comprising Numerals, the names of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, &c.* Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company.

¶ *Prose Quotations, from Socrates to Macaulay.* With Indexes. By Austin Allibone, Author of "A Critical Dictionary of English Literature," and "British and American Authors." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

** *Doings of the Bodley Family, in Town and Country.* By the Author of "Stories from my Attic," &c. With 77 Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

†† *A Double Wedding; or, How She was Won.* By Mrs. C. A. Wardfield, Author of the "Household of Bourverie." Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *Buffets.* By Charles H. Doe. (Originally published in the "Boston Courier.") Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

§§ *Tales for Travellers. Nicolette and Aucaasia.* By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

||| *Caring for No Man.* A Novel. By Linn Boyd Porter. Boston: Gull & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

¶¶ *Elementary Course in Geography for Primary and Secondary Grades.* By William Swinton, Author of "Complete Course in Geography," "Word Book Series," &c. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Case's North American Maps* are admirable and handy, and would add greatly to the value of any complete series in which they might be included. The want of binding is an inconvenience in their actual form.

* *Case's Map of the United States, the British Provinces, Mexico, and Part of the West Indies.* Hartford: Case & Co. Edinburgh and London: W. & A. K. Johnston. 1875.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FOURTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES will OPEN on Monday next, November 29, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

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JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.
October 26th, 1875.